

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

WITH { SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS }
By Post, 6½d.



1. Forecastle of the Red Sea steamer Mansourah, with Baker Pasha and Staff on board.
4. Egyptian officer arguing about horses' fodder.

2. Egyptian soldiers at prayers. 3. Grinding coffee for Baker Pasha.
5. Manner of steering on board the Mansourah.

EN ROUTE TO SOUAKIM: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BIRTH.

On the 14th inst., at Osberton, Notts, Mrs. Cecil Foljambe, prematurely, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 12th inst., at Christchurch, Greenwich, by the Rev. D. Reith, Henry Gray, third son of William Gray, of Blackheath, to Katherine, third surviving daughter of the late Henry Hooper, of Peckham.

DEATHS.

On the 6th inst., at Mentone, Alexander Beattie, Esq., M.D., late of H.E.L.C.S., and 45, Porchester-terrace, London, last surviving son of the late P. Beattie, Esq., of Inver, Aberdeenshire.

On the 12th inst., at Shuckburgh, Sir George Thomas Frances Shuckburgh, Bart., aged 54.

On the 16th ult., at Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, Ida, the only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Dwyer, aged 16 years and 4 months.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Eighty-three (from July 7 to December 29, 1883) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had *Gratis* through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C. London.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 80, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

A.NNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

M.R. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE RENT, by Arthur Law. Music by Alfred J. Cadicott; after which Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL. Concluding with a new Second Part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 6s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.—This Theatre, designed by C. J. Phillips, Esq., F.S.A., Open EVERY EVENING WITH THE PALACE OF TRUTH, by W. S. Gilbert. Preceded by Sidney Grundy's One-Act Comedy, IN HONOUR BOUND. Miss Lingard, Miss Florence Marryatt, Miss Helen Matthews, Miss Tilbury, Miss Arnold, and Miss Sophie Eyre; Mr. Edgar Bruce, Mr. Kyle Bellow, Mr. H. Beechingham, Mr. John Maclean, Mr. Geo. Temple, Mr. Braggington, and Mr. W. G. Anson. Doors open at 7.30; IN HONOUR BOUND at Eight; PALACE OF TRUTH, 8.45. Private Boxes, 22s. and 13s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 6s.; First Circle, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.

NICE.—As some misconception exists concerning the actual state of the public health of this city, owing, it is stated, to the drainage, it becomes necessary to disabuse the mind of the English public by a statement of the real facts of the case.

In the winter season, the period when the English visit the town, the population is augmented to 120,000; then the death rate averages 18 per 1000, which is below the London rate.

It is right it should be known that no deaths from Typhoid fever have occurred to any British subject during the last twelve months; and furthermore, there has been no mortality from a like cause to any foreigner at any hotel during the same period; and with the exception of a few isolated cases, mostly to children, the malady may be said to have almost entirely ceased, and during a period of fourteen weeks in 1883 there was no case of death from it.

The decease of English subjects in Nice during the last ten years had declined annually, and gradually, from 25, in 1874, to 15, in 1883. Taking the mean of the estimated numbers of English arrivals at Nice as furnished by the proprietors of Visconti's "Register of Arrivals," it would appear in round numbers 2500 English persons arrived during the past year 1882-83, and as only fifteen died during the same period, from all causes, it follows that the deaths among them, the British subjects, constitute less than one per cent. of the average number of deaths per mile in London. Can anything be more satisfactory of the healthiness of this city, especially when it is estimated that at least one-third of the number of British subjects wintering here are more or less suffering invalids at the time of their arrival?

Of course it must be understood that in Mediterranean towns typhoid fever is generated during the rainy seasons in the autumn, as do fevers in other towns, whether English or Continental.

At Nice it is generally imported about October, and arises from the negligence of the labourers and workmen (of which there are about 20,000 Piemontais alone) who continue to sleep out of doors after the first autumn rains have fallen on the hot earth; but these cases cease to further develop themselves when they and their families are forced by the inclement nights to return home or enter under cover—to sleep in the town. It will thus be evident that it cannot be with them the want of drains which brings the disease in the town, because they live out in the open fields, where there are no drains, and take the fever in with them.

The typical Typhoid fever of the general of the Mediterranean is known as the "Epidemic" or mild typhoid, or more malignant as it is in England.

At the moment of writing this, but one case from it has occurred this year, and that to a child aged five, whose parents are labouring people of negligent habits, and it should be observed that the greater part of the cases occur to children of tender age, say up to fifteen years, and the deaths generally take place in the old town (where no English ever have occasion to enter) among the ill-fed, badly lodged, and squallid children, attenuated by want of proper nourishment, and often parental care.

An English doctor, who has practised in Nice during very many years, can only remember one death to any of his English patients from that cause, and that was of a young girl who was past hope when he was summoned to attend her. She died in a house most saintriously situated on a hill, more than a mile away from the town, where the air is proverbial for its purity, and where the cesspool was emptied weekly.

An English lady (the widow of the British Consul here, and who has resided in Nice for forty years) cannot remember a single case of death from typhoid during her husband's tenure of office.

And is it remarkable free from diseases of the zymotic class—viz., diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough.

Much has been said about the sewage being defective. There is probably no town on the Continent of Europe where greater progress has been made or more money expended in draining a town of similar dimensions.

Since Nice became a French possession, some twenty-two years since, three million francs have been expended in the construction of fifty kilometres of sewers, and some of a remarkable character.

Those who knew Nice at the period of its annexation will doubtless remember that from the Place Massena to the railway station—now known as the Avenue de la Gare—there were not more than three or four houses on either side of that road. They stood surrounded by stagnant pools teeming with filth and croaking frogs. A large sewer several yards deep was constructed in the centre of this avenue, which has had the effect of completely draining that marshy swamp, and so advantageously that now there are several hundred large and magnificent houses and hotels constructed which also drain into that sewer, so the whole of the neighbourhood has been rendered remarkably healthy and desirable.

The dimensions of the new sewer in the Boulevard Gambetta has formed the subject of animadversion, by someone evidently not professionally acquainted with the matter; suffice it to say that this sewer was ordered to be constructed by Government, and after a report by the Engineer-in-Chief of the Ponts et Chaussées of Paris, and by whom the dimensions were imposed of 4 metres 70 centimetres, by 1 metre 20 centimetres, and found necessary to allow for the passage of 6 cubic metres of rain-water per second, also to prevent inundations, and the loss to life or property consequent thereto. This sewer has been constructed with a concave radius in order to form a rapid current of the sewage matter; at present there are but few constructions on this Boulevard, which is entirely surrounded by large gardens. This sewer will also receive the waters from the torrent of the Vesuve, which is being brought from the mountains at some thirty miles' distance, and will in about a month hence be finished, and brought into immediate use for flushing the drains of the town generally, emptying eventually into the River Var, some distance from Nice.

The drinking water supply is supplied also entirely from another mountain source, remarkable for its purity and in every respect potable nature.

The Report of the Committee of Engineers upon the question as to the best and most sanitary system of draining the town and disposing of its sewage has been furnished within the last few days to the Municipality by Messrs. Durand Claye, Engineer-in-Chief of the Sewers of Paris, Mr. Kyan, the Associate of Mr. Douglas Galton (the English Engineer, whose plans for the disposal of the Cannes Sewage have been adopted and are being carried out there); Mr. Barbour, specialist and Director of the Society for the Wholesome Drainage of Paris, were employed. These gentlemen have decided as to the impossibility of utilising the feudal matter, and have recommended that the sewage matter from the several drains existing and in course of or to be constructed will be collected in one large sewer skirting along the seashore below the water-mark, and concealed from view, and extending a distance of several miles to the River Var, where there will be a pumping station for discharging the sewage into the said river, from whence it will run off into the sea, somewhat analogous to the drainage observed with regard to the London drains. These works have been decided of by the Municipality, and will be carried out immediately.

It is to be hoped the British public will recognise the fact that nothing will be left undone to make the town worthy of the continued confidence and patronage of English visitors, who are cordially invited to come, with the assurance that they can do so and court no danger from the ill-natured reports they may perhaps in some cases have allowed to influence their arrival.

The Season is at its zenith, the town being fairly full and having most of its accustomed visitors, many of whom have wintered for many years in succession. The International Exhibition is opened. The Casino will be inaugurated during the present month, and the renowned Carnival, under the immediate patronage of the Municipality, will be, it possible, more brilliant and attractive than ever. The yacht and boating regatta will take place in March, and everything that is calculated to ensure the well-being of its visitors will doubtless receive the most careful attention of the Municipal authorities.

Nice: Jan. 12, 1884.

CANNES.—The Committee of Local Interest are desirous of making known to intending visitors to this deservedly recommended hibernal resort that the general public health was never more satisfactory than at present.

The hotels, villas, and pensions are rapidly filling with English families, many of whom annually visit the town, either to repair their health or profit by a residence in a place so remarkable for the softness of its air, the mildness of its climate, and the beauty of its luxuriant vegetation—and, at the same time, to find a shelter from the piercing mistral, the damp breezes of the east, and the cold and penetrating north winds.

During the summer recess everything that could be done to contribute to the improved health of its visitors has been accomplished, as far as time would allow, and the continuance of which will ever be the earnest study of the municipality and town of Cannes.

New sewers have been successfully laid down under the advice and superintendence of an English Engineer and Surveyor of renown, and a thorough revision of the Town drainage has been effected, at a cost exceeding £10,000.

A new Grand Boulevard has been opened, fresh roads constructed, and water of the purest brought from afar.

For the accommodation of such persons and families as may contemplate a sojourn at Cannes, there are nearly 600 Villas, furnished, and upwards of Seventy Hotels and Pensions. Some of the Hotels have been constructed on the grandest scale compatible with sanitary arrangements, and the comfort of English with European luxury. In many, lifts have been provided for the more easy access to their many hundred rooms, &c., ornate and dignified with south aspect, and sheltered position. Beautiful Gardens, with Lawn-Tennis Grounds and other outdoor pastimes, have been provided to make the time glide pleasantly away.

There are shown every article of English requirement can be obtained: beautiful promenades, Churches of several denominations; Clubs, Theatres, Casino; English Doctors, Dentists, and Chemists; English House Agents, Bankers, Wine Merchants, and Librarians.

The town is now full of English and European visitors of distinction.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements:

LES CLOCHE DE CORNEVILLE	OPERETTES Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884. LE PETIT FAUST.	LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
	Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists, Mlle. Jeanne Granier, Mlle. Helen Scherier,	Assisted by a Company of Forty-five Artists and Choristers.
ITALIAN OPERAS.	IL BALLO IN MASCHERA, IL TROVATORE, PRINCIPAL ARTISTES: Mesdames Fides Devries, " Salis, " Novell, Monsieur Mierwinski,	FAUST, RIGOLETTO, AIDA. Mesdames Pandolphine, " Bouhy, " Vergnet, Monsieur Castelmary.
		The following Operas will be given:-
		GRAND CONCERTS, at the termination of which another series of OPERETTES will be produced between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES—JANUARY TO MARCH.

Monday, Jan. 21: Grand Prix du Casino.—Work of Art and 20,000f., added to 200f. ent.

Tuesday, Jan. 22: Répetition Grand Prix du Casino.—Work of Art and 20,000f., added to 200f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 24: Prix de Monte Carlo.—Work of Art and 3000f., added to 100f. ent.

Saturday, Jan. 26: Prix de Consolation.—Work of Art and 1000f. Conditions not fixed.

PROGRAMME OF BI-WEEKLY MATCHES.

Friday, Feb. 1 Three Pigeons, 25 metres Prix St. Quentin.

Monday " 4 Handicap, Three Pigeons Prix A. Yeo.

Friday " 8 Three Pigeons, 25 metres Prix C. Pennell.

Monday " 11 Three Pigeons Prix Roberts.

Friday " 15 Three Pigeons, 26 metres Prix Hopwood.

Monday " 18 Handicap, Three Pigeons Prix Lafond.

Friday " 22 Three Pigeons, 26 metres Prix Esterhazy.

Monday " 25 Handicap, Three Pigeons Prix du Comité.

Friday " 29 Three Pigeons, 27 metres Prix Camauer.

Monday, Mar. 3 Handicap, Three Pigeons Prix de Ma s.

N.B.—The Prizes in the foregoing consist of Works of Art, added to a Poule of 5f. each.

GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE.

Wednesday, March 5, A Work of Art, and 3000f., Twelve Pigeons; of which Six at 25 metres.

Thursday, March 6, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Six Pigeons, at 26 metres.

A. BLONDIN.

S.T. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—The MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NINETEENTH ANNUAL SERIES of NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AT THREE AND EIGHT.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME,

which has been in daily rehearsal for many weeks past, will be

REPLETE WITH THE CHOICEST GEMS OF MELODY,

sung by the world-famed Choir of the Company.

NEW AND SPARKLING SCINTILLATIONS OF GENUINE BUT REFINED HUMOUR.

SIDE-SPLITTING BURLESQUES AND COMICALITIES

BY THE POWERFUL PHALANX OF COMEDIANS.

The day performances will be precisely the same in every respect to those given at night, and without curtailment or interruption; yet terminating in good time to admit of visitors dining and afterwards going to see one of the Pantomimes at night.

Upon which occasion the undermentioned Artists connected with the West-End Theatres will lend their invaluable aid.

Madame TELMA.

Prima Donna Assoluta, Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Mrs. FREDERICK BURGESS, nee Miss Ellen Meyrick.

Mrs. BILLINGTON, of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Lyceum.

Miss E. FARREN.

(by permission of Mr. John Hollingshead).

Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

(by permission of Mr. Harry Jackson).

Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY.

(by permission of A. Henderson, Esq.).

Mr. WALTER JOYCE.

(by permission of A. Henderson, Esq.).

MONS. MARIUS

(his First Appearance in London this season).

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

will also present a

NEW AND BRILLIANT PROGRAMME.

Fanteuil, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and all the principal Libraries.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"Government by Police" is the title of a curiously clever, discontented little book, in an angry red cover, which I chanced upon, some short time ago, and in which the author (a lady, I think) strove to show that the police force meddled a great deal too much with the affairs of her Majesty's subjects, and that, on the whole, their interference did more harm than good. Those who were present on Saturday, the twelfth inst., at the Opéra Comique, on the occasion of the highly successful appearance of Miss Lotta as Little Nell and the Marchioness in a dramatised version of the "Old Curiosity Shop," did not fail to notice that the theatre was, to a certain extent, packed with police-constables, in view, it was rumoured, of organised opposition to the clever little American actress.

This "organised opposition" scare is mainly rubbish. Authors, actors, and actresses, be they foreigners or be they natives, have got to learn that audiences have an indefeasible right to hiss, laugh at, or otherwise "goose" plays or performers when they consider them to be fit objects of disapprobation. When Charles Lamb went to see his own farce of "Mr. H—," he found it to be so very bad a piece that he cordially joined with the audience in hooting it. But modern playwrights and players are so inordinately vain, so insatiably greedy for applause, and so impertinently resentful of censure, that when their efforts are not looked upon with favour, they regard rebuke as a high crime and misdemeanour, and call rough and ready criticism (the pit and gallery are the very best critics after all) "organised opposition." Still, to use a vulgar but expressive locution, it is "rather too much of a good thing" when the police are posted in a theatre to repress the manifestations which the audience are legitimately entitled to make if they choose to do so. "Government by Police" of this kind, were it tolerated, would throw open the door for "government by gendarmerie," "government by alquaçils," government by Cossacks, and, at length, government by grenadiers and grapeshot. Do you remember the Hon. Member who, in his place in Parliament some thirty years ago, in a debate on a Sunday closing bill, expressed his opinion that there was nothing like "the trail of a six-pounder" for keeping the populace in order?

There are not enough police in London. To my mind, the present strength of the force should be augmented by at least one third; and, taxed up to the eyes as we imperially and municipally are, I do not think that many sensible householders would object to pay a slightly heavier impost for a very valuable additional protection. But the business of the police should not be to potter about the theatres at the beck and call of managers. They are wanted in the streets. They are wanted as much in the suburbs as they are in the slums. They are wanted to save us from having our houses broken into and plundered, our womankind maltreated, and ourselves robbed and perchance murdered by the wild beasts in human form who, by the beneficent Ticket-of-Leave System, are periodically let loose in our midst, and who immediately proceed to give practical effect to the felonious schemes which they have been hatching in the calm seclusion of penal servitude. We need a largely reinforced contingent of detectives and plain-clothes constables to watch the thieves' dens and the taverns which they haunt, and to do their best to prevent the commission of crime, instead of chasing the criminal, in a more or less futile way, after the crime has been committed. And it is for the reason that each and every class is interested in this matter that I have placed the remarks on "Government by Police" in the "Echoes," and not in the "Playhouses."

"English" words ending in "dous." "E.C." (Montreal, Canada) sends me yet another—"Horrendous." I find that it was used by Dr. Watts; and he ought to have known better than to use it. Thanks, "E.C.," and hence, horrible and horrid "Horrendous"! I have a mass of additional letters from all sorts and conditions of people, sending more and more "English" words ending in "dous," such as "cowardous," "solpedous," "repandous," "lignipendous," and so forth. I do not intend to outrage my readers' patience any more in the matter; but, in parting from "words" ending in "dous," I may mention that I had three motives in opening the discussion. First, to expose the arrant nonsense talked and written by those who continue to prate of "the well of English undefiled" and "sweet and sounding Saxon," and the like; next, to show the absurdity of claiming as words in modern English use expressions which are rare, which are obsolete, or which are crudely manufactured by the pedants from Greek or Latin roots; and, finally, to point to the cruel injustice done to foreign students of the English language by the custom of cramming our dictionaries with compound corruptions of Greek and Latin. The foreign student thinks that he is entitled to use any English words which he finds in the dictionaries; and if he devote himself to English literature or journalism, and talk about "olidous" slums, or "nodous" problems, or "cowardous" troops, or "hybridous" administrations, he will be unmercifully derided. Tell us the words which we may use, sticklers for "plain English" and "sweet and sounding Saxon," and the words which should not be used in such prose as is not professedly technological or scientific. That would be a little fairer than to turn the student loose in a vast wilderness of verbiage, and then reproach him for culling the word nearest to his hand.

I have been reading in the *Daily Evening Traveller*, published at Boston, U.S.A., a long and appreciative criticism of the first appearance of Henry Irving at "The Hub of the Universe," and in the character of Louis XI. Says the *D. E. T.*: "Henry Irving has come and conquered. Captious critics may cavil as much as they will about his abilities; but there can be no question that he is a consummate artist; and if his work of last night may be taken as a fair test of his histrionic powers, he may be regarded as an actor of absolute

genius." These are encouraging words, indeed. Were not the heralds of Tamerlane wont to proclaim by sound of trumpet from the walls of Samarcand every day at noon that, his Majesty having dined, the rest of the world might go to dinner? If Boston is satisfied, the rest of the world must needs say "ditto" to Boston.

But in another part of the article I read—

With all the completeness of stage management, it struck us that there was one little incongruity which should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Should not the peasants have worn *sabots*? And was it not a little overstrained for the lady who played the part of Martha (and very prettily too) to wear a pair of elaborate high-heeled boots. Fancy such things on a French peasantess in the days of the Eleventh Louis!

The objections of the *D. E. M.* are worth looking into. I went to the books, and found, in M. Ferdinand Sévér's "Histoire de la Chaussure" (Paris, 1862), an engraving taken from the fifteenth-century wood-carvings, known as "miséricordes," in the stalls of the Cathedral of Rouen, of a group of journeyman cordwainers at work. Their shoes have pointed toes, flat soles, and "ears" fastened with a true lover's knot. Obviously, however, shoemakers are not peasants; so, for further information, I consulted Quicherat's "Histoire du Costume en France" (Paris, 1875). At p. 327 is figured a thrasher with his flail, taken from a miniature of the time of Louis XI. in the Gaignières collection. The "Batteur en grange" wears no *sabots*, but instead, low shoes made "all of a piece," with peaked toes and no perceptible heels. At p. 328 there is another engraving of a shepherd of the same period. No *sabots* again; but shoes of the pattern which we call "ankle jacks," with peaked toes. Precisely the same sort of shoes are worn by a "peasantess" going to market on p. 329 of Quicherat.

Mem.: The costumier of "Louis XI." might, however, very pardonably have put his peasants and "peasantesses" into *sabots*; for, in another section of Quicherat's work (443), I find it stated that high-heeled shoes did not come into fashion in France until the reign of Henry IV., and that the "fort talon" was borrowed from the "patins" of the fifteenth century, the "galoches" of schoolboys, and the "sabots" of the country people.

It is in any case gratifying to find our Transatlantic cousins interesting themselves in the niceties of historical costume. American sartorial criticism is not confined, it would seem, to aesthetic Boston. The "artistic" tailors of Philadelphia are about to meet in solemn congress to deliberate whether knee-breeches should not be worn, instead of trousers, as part of gentlemen's evening dress. A section of the "artistic" tailors are in favour, it is understood, of the "culotte courte" as exhibited by Mr. Oscar Wilde at his American lectures. Another section recommends the use of knickerbockers.

What is the inscription on the letter from Manager Rich which we see by the side of the wretched, ruined rake, languishing in the Fleet in Hogarth's picture? "Sir, I have read your play, and find it will not do." Thus, if I remember aright, is the would-be playwright managerially crushed. I would say to the "artistic" tailors of Philadelphia, "Sartorial Sirs, it will not do." "Shorts" of the kind sought to be introduced by Mr. Oscar Wilde have been on their trial in England ever since the time of William III. They have been retained as articles of Court and ceremonial costume, and as a very fitting garment for powdered footmen, grooms, postillions, bicyclists, jockeys, and (mark this well, Sartorial Sirs) convicts; but modern civilised society declines to wear knee-breeches in evening dress for the inner reason that "shorts" are representative of servitude and that trousers are typical of freedom. The Paris populace in 1792 habitually wore trousers, and were disdainfully nicknamed "Sansculottes"; but the revolutionists (remember the parallel case of the "Gueux" in Flanders) joyfully adopted the sobriquet and made it a watch-word and a badge. But for the supercession of the "culotte courte" by the "pantalon" we should have had no braces, which seem to have been first advertised in Paris in the year which I have just named.

Mem.: The Duke of Wellington put his army in the Peninsular war into trousers; and, of course, his soldiers thrashed Napoleon and his Marshals all the way from the Sierra Morena to the Pyrenees. Napoleon, all great General as he was, had a mischievous penchant for "tights" as a part of military equipment. Why? Because, I fancy, he had such a shapely leg of his own. His lower extremities look equally well in the buckskins and tops, in which David has painted him crossing the Alps, and Isabey meditating in his garden at Malmaison; in the kerseymere smalls, silk stockings, and shoes with golden buckles, in which he is represented by Gros and Gérard, and in the breeches and jackboots of the "Adieux de Fontainebleau." But what a lamentably mean, stunted, woe-begone, ungrateful little tub of a man did the Conqueror and Captive of the Earth look in the nankeen trousers which, with a coat and vest to match, he wore at Longwood.

Mr. W. J. Loftie, the latest and most lucid of historians of London, writes to the *Times* to state that, in a general way, he does not approve of the scheme for a central municipality for the metropolis. He does not see how a central municipality could prevent gas-pipes getting out of order; "on the contrary," adds the historiographer of London, "we are alarmed at the idea that we must make formal application to an august body, sitting far away, before we can have our water supply amended or our roads macadamised." All this is very poor reasoning. Touching the paving of the roadways: I happened to take a twenty minutes' ride in a hansom last Tuesday; and I travelled over five varieties of pavement—macadam, "petrified kidney potatoes," asphalt, wood, and loose macadam—the last agonising to the horses' hoofs. That little anomaly (with about five hundred others) might, perhaps, be remedied if we had a central municipality for London.

I like Mr. W. J. Loftie much more when I turn to the just published Supplement (London, E. Stanford) to his admirable "History of London." The Supplement contains appendices and corrections to the first and second volumes of the History; accounts of the Grosvenor, Berkeley, and Maddocks estates; a history of London Trade, a list of buildings which existed before the Great Fire, and other matters germane to the subject which Mr. Loftie has made so peculiarly his own. The useful and interesting Supplement is illustrated by several maps and a curious panoramic "view of London in 1710," a reproduction of the old engraving by F. de Wit, of Amsterdam. The date assigned to the panorama puzzles me. The completed dome of St. Paul's, which in the print might be readily mistaken for a spire, points surely enough to 1710; but the costume of the figures in the foreground belongs to the reign of William III.

Mem.: There is a large number of views well worthy of reproduction of the London of Queen Anne's time in the "Délices de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Irlande," in eight volumes, published at Leyden in 1707. Among the plates is an accurate sectional elevation of Sir Christopher's Cathedral; a view of old "Powles"; and a most interesting draught of Westminster Abbey without the western towers. In another volume is a most curious presentation of the first Eddystone Lighthouse.

The volume for 1883 of "The Year's Art" (Sampson Low and Co.), compiled by Mr. Marcus B. Huish and Mr. David C. Thomson, gives pleasant signs of a new departure, not only in the direction of usefulness, but in that of elegance. Messrs. Huish and Thomson's "Artist's Calendar" is copiously and gracefully illustrated with pictorial reminiscences of the principal art exhibitions and the most conspicuous engravings and etchings published during the year, and special interest will attach to the excellent engraving after "Venus and Adonis," the picture of the Venetian school purchased in 1882 by the directors of the National Gallery for £1417 10s. I have not been to the National Gallery for a long time; but, my curiosity having been excited by the mention of the picture of the "Venetian School," I shall certainly look in at Trafalgar-square some fine morning to inspect Blake's "Spiritual Form of Pitt Guiding Behemoth," which was secured for the nation at the cost of a hundred pounds. The "spiritual" form of Pitt, or Fox, or Palmerston, or Derby, or somebody, seems most imperatively needed in these latter days to guide Behemoth—by some politicians held to be the Egyptian bull Apis, and by others an Irish bull.

How the Trustees of the British Museum spent £500 in books and £3600 in bookbinding and catalogues; how the South Kensington Museum has come into possession of the magnificent John Jones collection of eighteenth-century *bric-a-brac*, furniture, enamels, metal-work, porcelain, and bronze, the whole bequest being valued by experts at a quarter of a million sterling; how the National Art-Training School at South Kensington and the Royal School of Art-Needlework are getting on; and how, on Oct. 31, 1883, the fourth annual exhibition of the New South Wales Art Society was opened at Sydney with a display of two hundred and eighty-three pictures by seventy artists;—all these and a host of cognate matters are succinctly but comprehensively treated in a compilation which to journalists, as well as to patrons and professors of art, is a really invaluable *vade mecum*.

It is painful to read the intelligence received from New York of the melancholy death of Mr. Charles Delmonico, the proprietor and manager of the world-famed, colossal, and almost inconceivably luxurious restaurant in Twenty-sixth street and Broadway, New York. Mr. Delmonico seems to have been for some time past in a desponding state of mind, brought on by heavy losses which he had sustained in speculations on the Stock Exchange. In fact, his friends had placed him under some kind of restraint; but he escaped from his keeper, and wandered away, no man knew whither; until, at the beginning of this week, his corpse was discovered in a ditch on Orange Mountain, in the State of New Jersey.

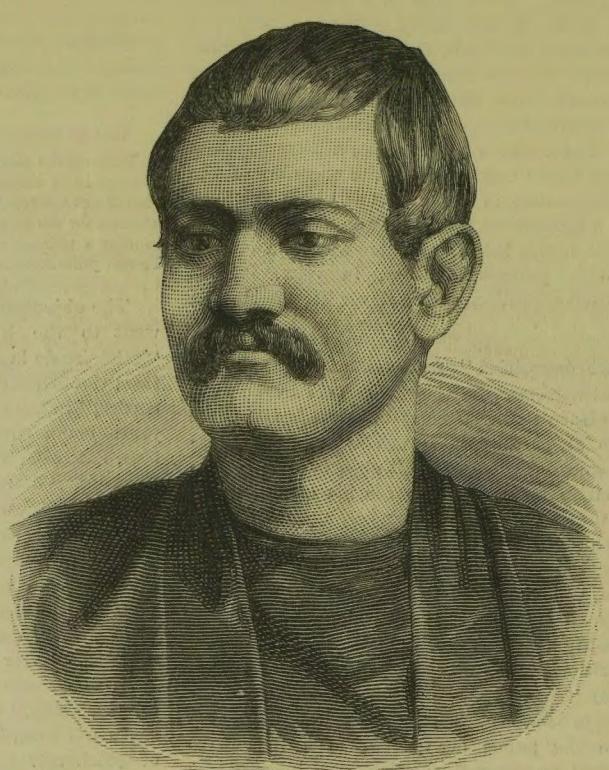
I have known at least three Delmonicos in my time—Louis, Syro, and Charles. When I first went to the States, more than twenty years ago, the fashionable or "up-town" Delmonico's restaurant was at the corner of Fifth Avenue and East Fourteenth-street. But this is ancient history. The East Fourteenth-street Delmonico's is as extinct as our once renowned Clarendon in Old Bond-street, and Nero's in King-street, St. James's. Nero's was the hotel where William Pitt used to stay when he was a young man; and on the site of that once famous hostelry Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in the handsome St. James's Theatre, now delight crowded audiences. I was at the opening of the St. James's Theatre, nearly fifty years ago. That fact, also, is a matter of "ancient history." Let us return to Delmonico.

When I returned to England at the end of 1864 I was so struck with the splendour, the artistic elegance, and the exquisite *cuisine* of the New York establishment, compared with the few even tolerably good restaurants of which London (Soyer's Symposium having collapsed more than ten years before) could then boast, that I very nearly succeeded in persuading Mr. Frank Morris (who had been one of Soyer's partners at South Kensington, and one of the refreshment contractors at the Exhibition of 1862) to start a "London Delmonico." It would have been on the lines of the present Hotel Bristol and Hotel Continental—writ very large indeed. But Mr. Frank Morris died, and the scheme fell through.

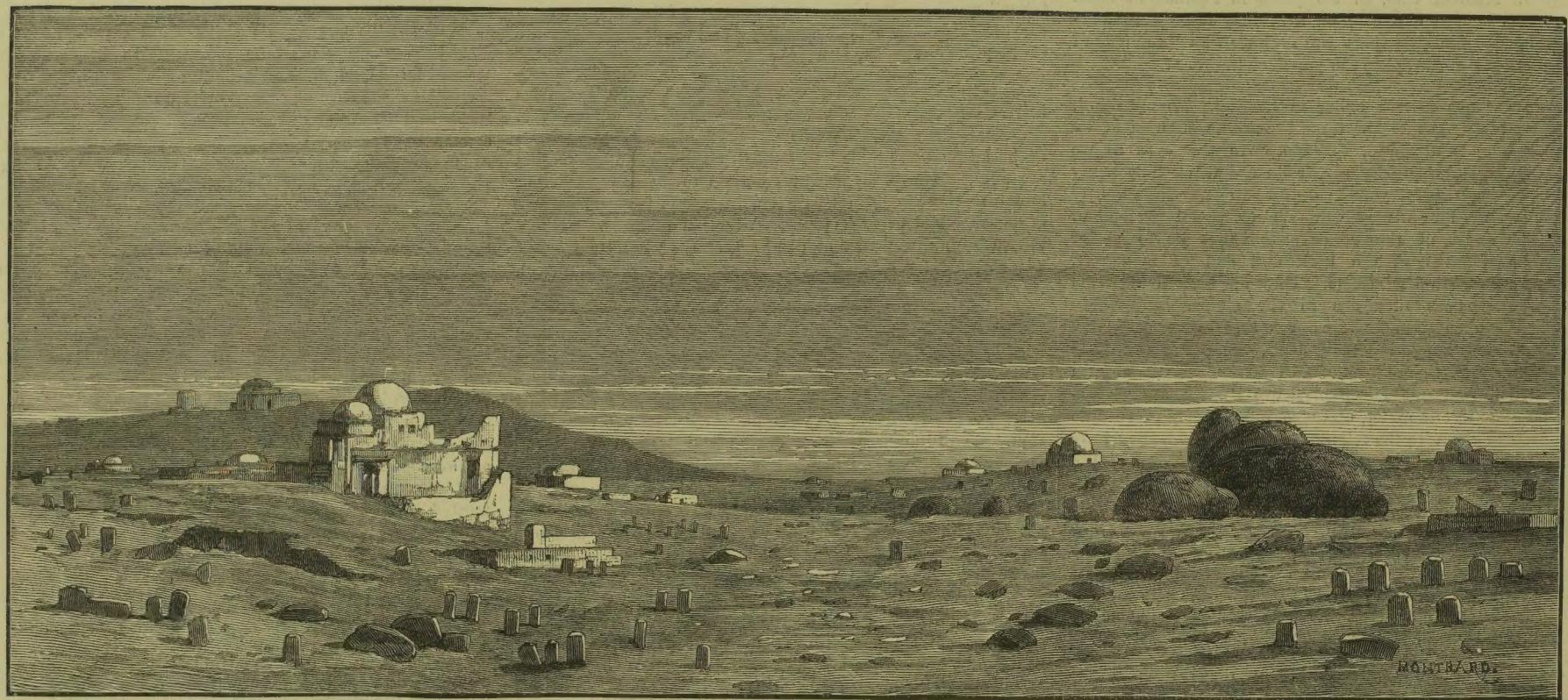
Returning to New York at the end of 1879, I found a new and more splendid Delmonico's, hard by Union-square, and close by another vast restaurant, as splendid and as expensive, called the Hotel Brunswick. The Maison Dorée, another home of first-rate cookery, and with which I had been familiar in 1863-4, had vanished. I crossed the continent, and found at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, a *cuisine* to the full as admirable as that at Delmonico's. Why on earth could not Mr. Charles Delmonico rest content with the vast sums of money which he must have accumulated by serving dinners and luncheons to the Upper Ten Thousand? Perhaps many of the Upper Ten who squandered their dollars so lavishly in his gilded halls were themselves Stock Exchange speculators, and the hapless *restaurateur* became infected with the Wall-street talk of his guests?



COLONEL SIR FRANCIS BOLTON, R.E., C.E.,
EXAMINER OF WATER SUPPLY FOR THE METROPOLIS.



THE LATE KESHUB CHUNDER SEN,
HINDOO RELIGIOUS REFORMER.



THE OLD CEMETERY AT ASSOUAN, UPPER EGYPT.

PRUSSANO KOMAR TAGORE.

Mr. E. Edward Geflowski's statue of the Hon. Prussano Komar Tagore, C.S.I., has been recently forwarded to Calcutta, where it will be placed upon its massive granite pedestal, and will occupy a central position in the verandah of the Senate House. The late learned Baboo, whose memory has been perpetuated in Mr. Geflowski's admirable work, was a conspicuous member of a distinguished and scholarly native family. His brother, the late Maharajah Ramanath Tagore, was President of the British India Association, and a widely-known philanthropist. The present Maharajah Jotindra Mohun Tagore is a prominent member of the Legislative Council; whilst his brother, Rajah Sorindra Mohun Tagore, is known far beyond our Indian Empire as a Doctor of Music. This statue is erected in recognition of the late Hon. Prussano Komar Tagore's public services in connection with law, education, and the foundation of law scholarships in the University of Calcutta. The statue was commissioned on the eve of the sculptor's visit to India. It is hewn out of Sicilian marble of exceptional purity; and, approaching the colossal in size, it has been pronounced by the numerous friends and relations of the Baboo as a striking and faithful portrait. As a work of art, it is worthy of commendation, also, on account of the simple and unaffected dignity with which the seated figure is invested, and the skill with which the difficulties of native costume have been unobtrusively mastered.

Eastbourne having been recently incorporated, a series of entertainments have been given by Mr. G. A. Wallis, C.E., the first Mayor. At the inaugural banquet, which was held in the Pavilion, Devonshire Park, the Mayor was invested with the new chain of office, which had been presented to the newly incorporated borough by the Duke of Devonshire. On the 2nd inst. the Mayor and Mayoress entertained 500 guests at a ball.



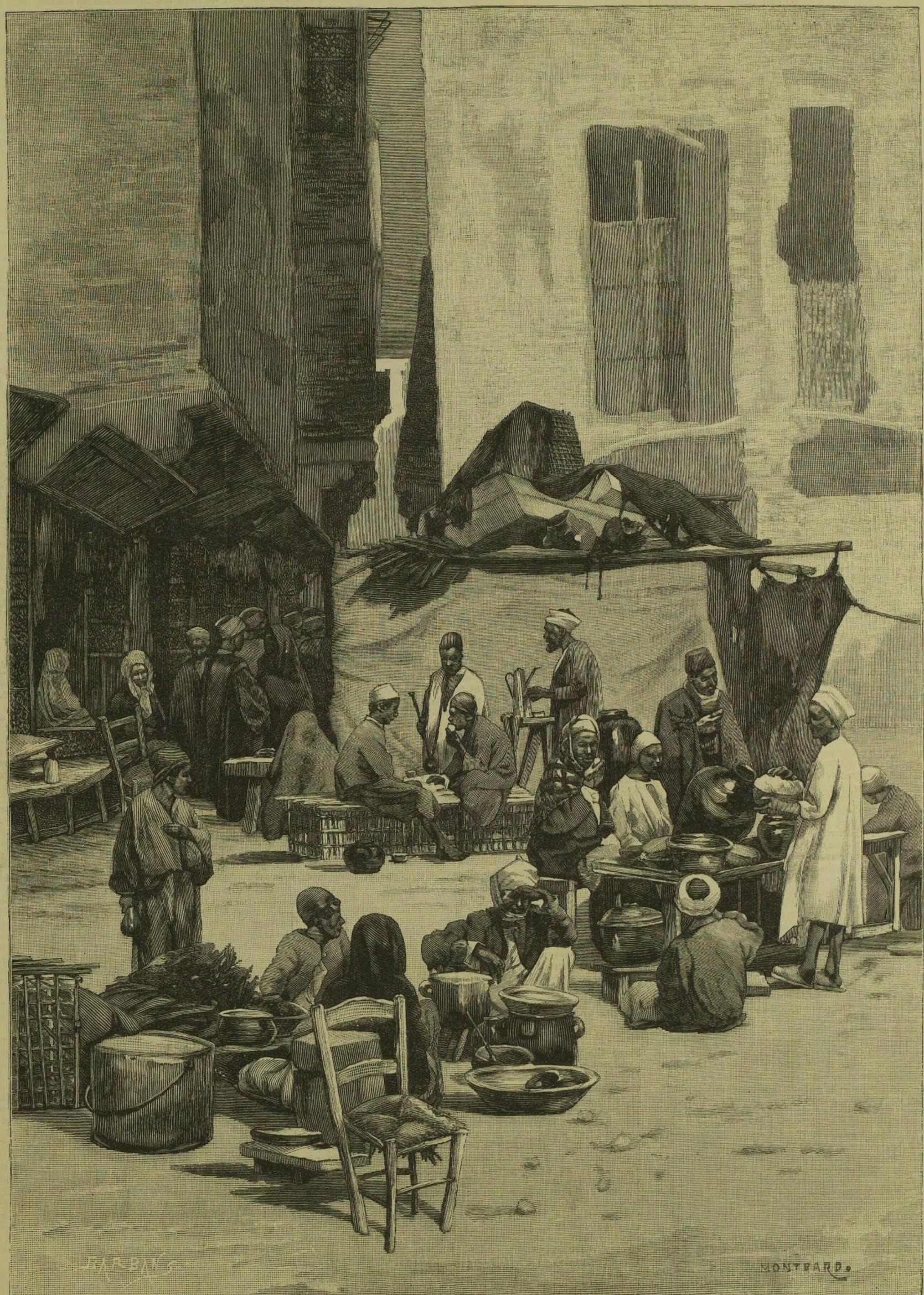
STATUE OF THE HON. PRUSSANO KOMAR TAGORE, C.S.I.,
FOR THE SENATE-HOUSE AT CALCUTTA.

COLONEL SIR FRANCIS BOLTON, R.E.

On the recommendation of the Secretary of State for War, the Queen has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon Colonel Francis Bolton, R.E., who is also a Civil Engineer, and who is well known in connection with the water supply of London as the water examiner under the Metropolis Water Act of 1871; and also as the founder of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians, of which society he has been the Honorary Secretary since its formation, in 1870. Sir Francis Bolton received his first commission in the Army in September, 1857, and, after three years' active service on the Gold Coast, for which he received special thanks, was promoted to a captaincy in the 12th Foot. He served on the staff as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, and was attached to the Royal Engineers at Chatham. In July, 1868, in consideration of special Army services, he was promoted to an unattached majority. He was finally retired in July, 1881, with the rank of Colonel. He is the inventor of the system of telegraphic and visual signalling, which was adopted into her Majesty's services in 1863. He was instrumental in instructing the several branches of the service in the use of his system, and the results have been very valuable. This system now forms part of the Army organisation, and has been successfully applied on active service in the Abyssinian, Indian, African, and Egyptian wars, and also adopted generally in India and the Colonies. The Army is also indebted to him for several improvements and inventions in regard to warlike material, and his whole service has been such as to merit special recognition.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.

Sir John Lubbock, the Principal of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, distributed last Saturday night the prizes gained by students during the past year. Mr. Hutton afterwards gave a lecture upon Cardinal Newman and his writings.



AN OPEN AIR RESTAURANT AT CAIRO.

MONTFORD.

LORD TENNYSON.

The *London Gazette* has this week published the official announcement of the elevation to the peerage of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, by the "name, style, and title of Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in the county of Sussex, and of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight."

Baron Tennyson, of Aldworth, takes his seat in the House of Lords at the beginning of the Session. We cannot join in the rather invidious strictures of some literary contemporaries upon this promotion. There are public, and there are doubtless private, considerations involved in it. A gentleman who has lived in domestic and studious retirement, who never presented himself at a public meeting, or sought any office of public trust, might yet possibly be willing to bequeath to his son the Royal gift of a place in Parliament, with an opening of his way to high objects of legitimate ambition. Such paternal conduct, in any ordinary case, would seem manly, sensible, and becoming; it ought not to be sneered at, for it is congenial with the best feelings of Englishmen, and has more solid ground than the vain desire of a "foolish title."

But there is no reason, in the abstract, for contemning the title "Lord" as more "foolish" than the title "Mr." or that of "Esq." It would have been foolish, perhaps, for a renowned man of letters to have merged his proper name, as hereditary nobles do, in that of a manor or obscure township, or even a shire. Tennyson does no such thing, but adds the nobleness of his name, created by his own genius, to the title of his new rank. He eschews the old peerage of D'Eyncourt, worn by his ancestor in the fifteenth century. Lord Tennyson is still Tennyson, as Lord Macaulay remained still Macaulay. His social elevation must be ascribed to the Queen's esteem for his personal merit and literary works, not to that curious genealogy which was recently published, we suppose without his authority, tracing his pedigree to the Plantagenet Kings.

It is more to the purpose, living in these days, for us to consider, in the first place, the actual and prospective character of the House of Lords; and secondly, the value of Tennyson's contributions to English literature. With regard to the former, we shall not enter into politics, but nobody will deny that the Upper House of our Legislature is approaching a transition state. With a democratic House of Commons, with household suffrage in the counties, there must soon come a large admixture of the popular element in the other House. Hereditary landed proprietors cannot have it all to themselves much longer. The Crown, on behalf of the nation, and prompted by the public opinion of the day, might nominate a certain number of life peers. They should be the acknowledged heads of great social interests, in addition to the persons who have won high distinction in the public services, and whose special experience would be useful in debate. With a few Judges, retired members of the Civil Service, Indian and Colonial Governors, diplomats, naval and military commanders, not to mention Bishops, there should be eminent men of science, physicians and surgeons, bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, the President of the Royal Academy, artists and architects, historians, critics, scholars, and poets. The presence of a Tennyson or a Macaulay—or of a Thackeray, a Carlyle, or a Ruskin—would seem as natural as that of the most distinguished French authors in the Senate, or in the Chamber of Peers under the Orleans monarchy. We believe it will come to something like this, and the hereditary peerage will gain, in true dignity, by its association with men of talent and learning.

In the next place, finding that contemporary English literature ought to be represented, and will have to be represented, in a Reformed House of Lords, the worthiness of Lord Tennyson cannot be disputed. In estimating the quality of his work, let us endeavour to be strictly just, and let us not fear to say, if we think so, that some of it is weak in conception. But enough remains which is an original and substantial gain to the English mind, and has nourished the growth of national character, assimilating itself to the highest moral and intellectual tendencies of the age. There is, however, a previous question concerning the literary form of his compositions. It is time to confess the obvious fact, that poetry, or rather the emotional and imaginative treatment of themes in verse, is at a discount in this generation, not only in England but throughout the civilised world. The art is preserved among select literary amateurs chiefly by the artificial stimulant of appeals to the fame of past authors, prompting attempts to emulate their success. In two of the most ambitious forms of poetical composition, the epic or sustained narrative, and the dramatic, these attempts have proved of late a conclusive failure. No man of real genius in this age, having a story to tell at considerable length, and with due fulness of incident, of sentiment, and of reflection, would choose to put it into verse. And Shakespeare, if he had lived in the nineteenth century, would have written prose novels. Dramatic poetry of the finest quality, even Shakespeare's, is too declamatory for the modern stage, which requires the briefest and most direct expression of feeling, as most natural in acting and most agreeable to the experience of life. Tennyson's plays, therefore, even if they had been inspired by proper dramatic genius, could scarcely have obtained a great success; while his series of tales of the Court of King Arthur, borrowing their most romantic incidents from the old stories of chivalry compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, fail in the general effect. They have no epic value, but the nobleness of their moral sentiment, and the grace, the majesty, and the pathos of certain passages, are deeply felt.

The idyllic species of poetry, to which, as we understand it, those "Idylls of the King" do not properly belong, is Tennyson's peculiar domain. It is that which has ever been congenial to the English mind; the purely contemplative representation of particular moods and aspects of life, or views of nature coloured by human affection, undisturbed by vehement action. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Gray's "Elegy," many pieces of Wordsworth, of Cowper, and of Longfellow, are more truly popular poetry, in England, than any other; and some of Tennyson's have the same quality, with higher degree of imaginative power, and with a more exquisite finish of art. In his shorter narrative poems, such as "The Brook" and "The Gardener's Daughter," and even in "Enoch Arden"; still more in those which simply express the feeling of a situation, "The May Queen," "Mariana," and "Locksley Hall"; in the masterly Greek idylls of "Enone," "Tithonus," and "Ulysses"; in the "Morte d'Arthur" and "Guinevere," separated by his own hand from the rest of the Arthurian cycle, and in some passages of "Maud" and "The Princess," it is by this idyllic element that the poet has prevailed. The most beautiful of his songs, too, are rather idyllic than lyrical, for they are the expression of an abiding sentiment, not of a sudden impulse of emotion. And this is the prevailing character of the best parts of the "In Memoriam," which derives its chief value from a profound ethical tone of persistent aspiration, returning a hundred times, in its touching fidelity of the heart, to question the oracles of Faith, Reason, and Consciousness upon the promise of immortality for the soul beloved. It is not an argumentative, a philosophical or theological poem, but one describing the moods of spiritual experience, the yearning for a conviction of undying personality, for the seeming rights

of pure affection, and for the ultimate redress of that cruel grievance to humanity which is felt to be inflicted by death. "In Memoriam," did more than all the author's other poems together to win the regard and confidence of his countrymen. This is because it speaks of what lies at the heart of every man and woman old enough to know by experience what it is "to have loved and lost." The man who wrote thus, now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, is not likely to covet a "foolish title" for his own gratification.

But his countrymen, and the readers of English all over the world, now and in times to come, owe something to this teacher of a priceless faith, of chivalrous virtue and noble manners, whether or not they care for poetry. The Queen, by whomsoever advised, or moved by her own womanly desire to honour the poet who uttered the grandest and truest praise of her lamented husband, does an act that England will approve in summoning to her House of Lords this country clergyman's son. Her Liberal Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, who lately enjoyed Tennyson's companionship in his voyage to North Britain and to Denmark, will have had the pleasure of executing this act of Royal favour. It will have been consummated in a Session of Parliament when the Queen's subjects, in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, will have obtained, by the coming Reform Bill, a great extension of political liberties,

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

THE LATE KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

The death of this eminent Hindoo religious reformer, who was personally well known in England, took place at Calcutta last week. Baboo (a title of social rank) Keshub Chunder Sen was born in 1838, and received an English education. He became, about 1860, the leader of an active and zealous section of the Native Unitarian Christians in Bengal, a community founded above fifty years ago by Rajah Rammohun Roy, who died in 1833. The younger and more progressive part of this community, led by Chunder Sen, further tried to carry their religious theories into practice by excluding all idolatrous rites from social and domestic ceremonies, and by rejecting the distinction of caste. This society of Hindoo Unitarians, or, as they call their church, the "Brahma Samaj of India," have made considerable progress. They built a chapel in Calcutta, and they encourage the establishment of branch societies in different parts of the country. The greater part of the educated natives of Bengal sympathise more or less with the movement. In 1870, Keshub Chunder Sen visited this country, preached or spoke in several Nonconformist chapels in London, and received a good deal of attention from many religious leaders in this country, including some who did not endorse his theological views. Lord Lawrence, for instance, presided at one of the meetings addressed by the Indian Reformer, and spoke highly of the value of his work in India. The late Dean Stanley was also one of his English friends.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Special Artist, who arrived at Souakim on Dec. 23, on board the steam-boat Mansourah, with Baker Pasha and his Staff, furnishes the sketches which appear on our front page, representing scenes in that vessel during the four days' voyage from Suez. No military movement of importance has yet been made from Souakim; but the General has been at Massowah, a long way down the coast southward; and it is expected that the troops will be removed to that port, which will be taken as the base of operations for an advance into the country by way of Kassala, which is halfway from Massowah to Khartoum. This part of the Soudan, though wild and rugged, is not so destitute of water as the Nubian desert towards Berber; and if the King of Abyssinia will lend assistance, the march from Massowah will possibly be more easy than from Souakim. The capture, surrender, or abandonment of Khartoum nevertheless seems to be almost inevitable, as Colonel Coetlogon despairs of being able to defend it with his 6000 men, at least one third of whom, with the population of the town, are disposed to join in the general revolt. The insurgent forces, numbered by tens of thousands, have already overspread the southern country on both banks of the Blue Nile, as well as of the White Nile; and the Mahdi, with an army of 100,000, is expected at Khartoum about the end of next week. In the mean time, if nothing can be done for the relief of Khartoum, it is hoped that at least the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, a short distance from Souakim, may be rescued from their besieging foes; and for this purpose a portion of Baker Pasha's force, with the blacks from Cairo to be brought by Zebehr Pasha, will probably be employed in the next few days. Admiral Sir W. Hewett, commanding the British Squadron in the Red Sea, co-operates with Baker Pasha in his operations at Souakim and at Massowah.

SKETCHES IN EGYPT.

Since the British Army marched to Cairo, some fourteen months ago, there has been no moment of greater solicitude in Egyptian politics than during the past week. It is not only the abandonment of the Soudan, with the painful anxiety that is felt concerning the fate of the Egyptian garrisons at Khartoum and other places. All that is a long way off; but the whole internal administration of Egypt seems about to be changed by the newly-appointed British officials. Mr. Cliford Lloyd, though nominally Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and Colonel Moncrieff, the able Director of Public Works, are expected to sweep away hundreds of useless drones from the Government service, and to execute measures of retrenchment and reform, hitherto recommended in vain. We can well imagine that the political gossips of Cairo, from the highest class to the lowest, some of whom may be found in eager talk over their pipes and coffee at any restaurant establishment in that city, will have plenty of matter for discussion, and we trust they are disposed to think favourably of the intentions of their British protectors.

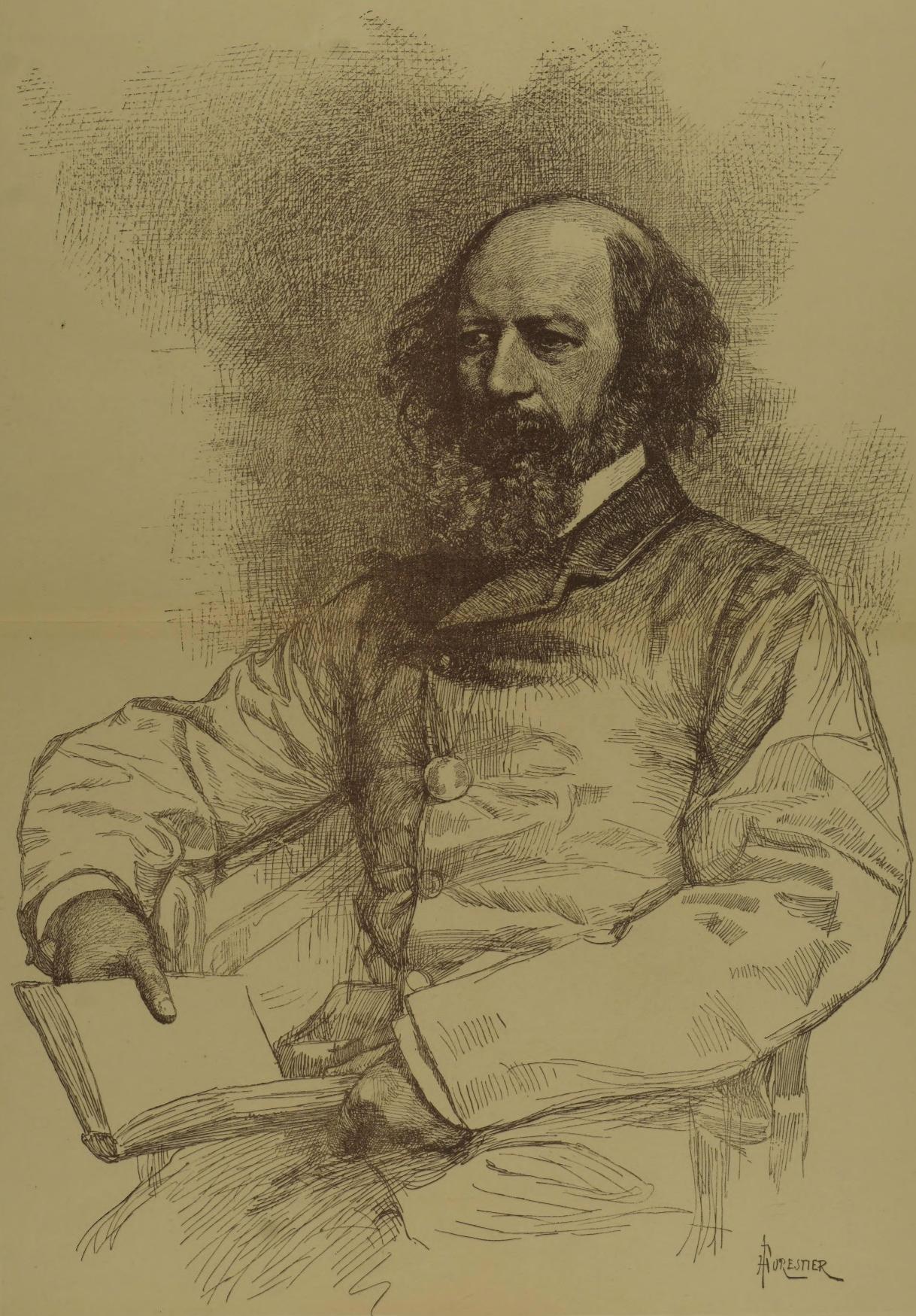
At the farther extremity of Egypt, properly so called, not comprising the vast Nubian deserts and the remote banks of the Blue and White Nile, preparations for military defence will soon be actively begun; and we cannot doubt that, with the aid of British engineers to construct any needful fortifications, and of British troops, as many as shall be required, to hold them against the horde of wild Arabs and negroes of the Soudan, the positions which may be chosen will be rendered perfectly safe. Assouan (pronounced Assawn), just below the First Cataract or rapids of the Nile, distant from Cairo by the river 550 miles, is the frontier town of Upper Egypt, and will probably be occupied by a sufficient British force; while the advanced post will be at Wady Halfa, in Nubia, close to the Second

Cataract, within reach of all the roads from the Soudan, both on the eastern side, between Abu Hamid and Korosko, and in the western desert, where the Kababish tribes have joined the Mahdi, from Dongola to the Libyan oasis. It will be here, if anywhere, that a conflict may be waged for the defence of Egypt; and with steam navigation up the Nile from Cairo, interrupted only by the rapids above Assouan, there should be no difficulty in quickly bringing to Wady Halfa, if it were needed, an army quite equal to that which fought at Tel-el-Kebir. But we hope the Mahdi will be content with his easy victories in the Soudan, and will leave Egypt in peace. Assouan, however, is a place of which we are likely to hear a good deal more; and, though it is familiar to English tourists, being near the celebrated Temples of Philae, we have again and again presented Sketches of its scenery, drawn by our Special Artist two or three years ago.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Thursday, Jan. 10, Mr. John Lawrence Toole, at the pretty little theatre which bears his name, and in the presence of a crowded and enthusiastic audience, appeared in his well-known character as a Public Benefactor. I mean that for some two hours and a half he kept his hearers in one continuous fit of hearty merriment. He will continue to do so for a very long time to come, as he has been in the habit of doing for ever so many years; and if a man who can so enhance the gaiety of nations is not to be considered as having conferred a benefaction on the public, all I can say is, I have entirely misunderstood the nature of the services for which, as I have always thought, the individuals who render them are entitled to the gratitude of mankind. But as a Benefactor Mr. Toole on the 10th was both general and particular. He specially earned the applause—and cracked the sides of his audience—by his excruciatingly dull performance of Mr. Kerosine Tredgold, the millionaire proprietor of oil-wells and the hero of a most diverting and mirth-moving original farcical comedy, by Mr. Arthur Law (a youthful dramatist, I apprehend), called "A Mint of Money." Mr. Tredgold has made the acquaintance, while travelling abroad, of a buxom widow, Mrs. Flutterby, who is blessed with no less than six pretty and marriageable daughters, who are named respectively after six days of the week; and the fun of the piece is, of course, very much heightened by the difficulty continually experienced by Mr. Tredgold in discriminating as to "who is who" and "which is which" among this bevy of fair maidens. Eventually the dapper millionaire does not marry any one of the six "dailies," but bestows his hand on a young lady who has long since won his heart—Mary Maybud, a pretty but poor cousin of the Flutterbys, who console themselves with the reflection that, after all, Mary is "one of the family." To be sure, one of the disappointed damsels does get a husband in the person of Lieutenant Charles Cyclone, R.N. Ere, however, Mr. Kerosine Tredgold can claim his blushing bride he is destined to go through many and strange vicissitudes. He falls under the mesmeric spells of a Miss Medusa O'Blather and is victimised by her brother Cornelius. The one is an impostor and the other a tipsy roysterer, and both are arrant swindlers; but the not very strong-minded Mr. Tredgold is completely fascinated by the basilisk glances of the determined Medusa, whom he is on the point of marrying when it is discovered that she is already the wife of a crusty old gentleman, Uncle Gregory Gregory. The pair of swindlers bring back very forcibly to the memory a certain French piece called "L'Aventurière"; just as when Mr. Tredgold, having deposited his drunken intended brother-in-law in a coal-cellars (where O'Blather falls into a sottish slumber), subsequently learns that five tons of coal have been shot into the cellar, and fancying that he will be accused of the Irishman's murder, disguises himself and escapes to Devonshire, one is reminded of a somewhat analogous episode in a certain French vaudeville, called "L'Homme Blasé," better known to English playgoers as "Used Up." Of course, the bibulous O'Blather has quitted the coal-cellars before the coals were shot into it—a circumstance which is to be sincerely regretted. He also doth "fear each bush an officer," since he is "wanted" by the police for a matter of felony; and he too, disguised in a smockfrock, also takes refuge in the leafy woods of Devon. That he and Mr. Tredgold should, unwitting of each other's presence in the locality, exchange clothes with one another; that there should be a picnic in the wood, and that Mr. Tredgold, who, like King Charles, has sought safety in the branches of a tree, should overhear the not very complimentary allusions to himself on the part of the Flutterby family; that the police should first arrest the millionaire, mistaking him for O'Blather, and then, discovering their blunder, pounce upon O'Blather, whom they release on Mr. Tredgold's paying the money which his brother-in-law elect has fraudulently obtained; that Medusa should eventually discover her long-lost husband, who does not seem in the least glad to find her, and that everything ends happily. These circumstances conveyed to the audience in a far from unskillful manner by the dramatist—whose dialogue is very crisp and sparkling—and interpreted by Mr. Toole with inimitable drollery and *verve*. There is not one scintilla of staleness in his fun, his delivery, and his byplay. Mr. Kerosine Tredgold is quite a new "Toolian" creation, and does not remind us of any previous embodiment of character by this most versatile and genial comedian. He was admirably supported by his compact and harmoniously working company. Mr. John Billington was crustiness and "cussedness" in the concrete of the elderly "fraud," Uncle Gregory Gregory; Mrs. Flutterby had literally "ample" justice done her by Miss Emily Thorne as a smiling embodiment of matronly good nature combined with the shrewdness of the match-making mamma; Mr. E. D. Ward was cool, calm, assured, and jaunty as the somewhat cynical Lieutenant Cyclone, who, in the choice of a bride, seems to belong to the Captain Macheath school of matrimonial ethics; Mr. George Shelton gave a capital study of character as O'Blather, the Irish adventurer, who so forcibly reminds one of the drunken *spadassin* in "L'Aventurière" and the tipsy Captain of Mexican Cavalry in "Home"; and Miss Erskine is duly strong-minded and sonorously declamatory as the Mesmerist Medusa, whom most artistically she represents as having come almost to believe in her own "hocus-pocus." Miss Ely Kempster was a charming Mary Maybud; and the six "dailies" were prettily impersonated by Miss Rachael, Florence Rayburn, Mary Lester, Wolsey, and Kate Carlyon.

Full, albeit tardy, justice was done on Saturday, the 12th, at the Opéra Comique Theatre to the varied and attractive talent of Miss Lotta, who, the foolish farrago of "Musette" being judiciously relinquished, appeared in the characters of Little Nell and the Marchioness in a dramatised version by Mr. Charles Dickens of his illustrious father's "Old Curiosity Shop." Of that wonderful novel when adapted to the stage it is next door to the impossible to make more than a series of more or less disconnected scenes; and, as a general rule, when Dickens is dramatised the great majority of the characters "come like shadows," and "so depart." Miss Lotta, however, had on Saturday, the 12th, many opportunities for displaying her peculiar gifts. She sang



LORD TENNYSON.

Etched by A. FORESTIER, from a Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY.

and danced with unflagging animation, and as "the Marchioness" she was infinitely weird and quaint. I may fairly say inimitable, since there is surely no "variety" actress on the stage, either in England or in the States, who could completely render herself mistress of Lotta's "tricks and manners," her oblique glidings and subtle sidlings to and fro. It is pity that an original part cannot be built up for her; for, from many points of view, she is really a wonderful little woman, whose Fenella-like lissomness and eel-like flexibility have something of genius in them.

Thus I do not consider that Miss Lotta has, strictly speaking, a rival in pretty and graceful Miss Minnie Palmer, who on Monday appeared at the Strand Theatre as Tina, the heroine of an American piece called "My Sweetheart." Miss Palmer is very good-looking, very well made, very graceful, very arch, and very young. She dresses in charming taste, most decorously, and does not glitter with diamonds, genuine or paste. Her singing is better than her elocution, and her dancing better than either. "My Sweetheart" is a play of the "Fritz" order, with a rather touching vein of "Rip van Winkleism" running through it; and Tina finds thoroughly efficient support in her "premier amoureux," a young German American, gracefully and quietly played by Mr. Charles Arnold.

I should have said that, at the Opéra Comique, Miss Lotta, in the Marchioness, was very ably supported indeed by Mr. F. West as Dick Swiveller, and that Mr. Robert Pateman was intensely clever as Quilp.

At the Globe, on Saturday, the 12th, Mr. Pinero's comedy of "Low Water" failed to achieve success. It was "goosed" by the audience; but the constables told off for the purpose of theatrical "government by police" being in another place (where their services were not by any means required) nobody at the Globe was "run in" for laughing at Mr. Pinero's disaster. I am very glad that I could not go to see it; for I do not like to chronicle failures. It still keeps its place (at the time of writing) in the Globe programme, and may be going more smoothly than on the first evening of performance. From the notices which I have read it seems to me that there is much ability in the idea of the plot and characters in "Low Water"; but that it was ruined by an excess of that "topsy-turvydom" in situation and expression which Mr. Pinero has borrowed from Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and in which he seems to take a delight very perilous to his future success as a dramatist. Mr. Pinero is undoubtedly a very clever young gentleman. Let him try his hand at another play without any cynical "topsy-turvydom" in it; and very probably, in the way of success, it may be estimated by the public as reaching the altitude of "high-water mark."

G. A. S.

MUSIC.

Since our last week's notice of the reopening of Covent Garden Theatre by the Royal English Opera Company with a version of Herr Victor Nessler's "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln" as "The Piper of Hamelin," this work has several times been repeated, and other more familiar operas have been performed. As already briefly recorded, "Maritana" was given on Tuesday week, this having been followed by representations of "Faust" and "Il Trovatore." As Maritana Miss E. Parkinson sang with much success, the Don César of Mr. J. W. Turner having been a performance of special merit. Madame Julia Gaylord's Margaret was the principal feature in the representation of "Faust," the title-character of which was effectively sustained by Mr. Packard, who also appeared as Manrico in "Il Trovatore," and sang with much success. In this opera Madame Blanche Cole was to have been the Leonora, but in consequence of her illness she was replaced by Madame Rose Hersee, who proved her special merit and ready efficiency by a performance that elicited great applause. Mr. A. Rousbey, as the Count di Luna, confirmed the good impression made by him as Wulff, in "The Piper of Hamelin," and Miss Lucy Franklin was, as on many previous occasions, the representative of Azucena. "Maritana" and "Il Trovatore" were conducted by Mr. Julian Edwards, the other performances having been directed by Mr. G. H. Betjemann. For this (Saturday) evening the production is announced of an opera entitled "Victorian," composed by Mr. Julian Edwards, the book being founded on Longfellow's play "The Spanish Student." The opera has already been brought out in the provinces, but this will be its first London performance.

The resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts—after the usual Christmas recess—has already been noted. The first of this year's afternoon performances took place on Saturday, when Madame Norman-Néruda was again the leading violinist, and M. De Pachmann the solo pianist, Mr. Maas having been the vocalist. At this week's evening concert Miss Maggie Okey made a highly favourable impression by her very fine performance of studies by Henselt and Chopin, the Rondo for two Pianofortes by the last-named composer having been admirably interpreted by the lady and M. De Pachmann. Four vocal duets—two by Alexis Holländer and two by Anton Dvorák—were charmingly sung by Miss Louise Phillips and Madame Fassett, Miss Carmichael having been an efficient accompanist at the pianoforte. The string quartet party was the same as at recent concerts.

Mr. Willing's Choir gave the second concert of the second season at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the specialty of the programme was Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music. The orchestral and choral details were generally well rendered, the solo portions having been more or less efficiently sustained by Madame Patey, Mr. Levetus, and Mr. Bridson. The programme also comprised a miscellaneous selection (vocal and instrumental), special features in which were Mr. Maas's fine renderings of the war-song from Sir M. Costa's "Eli" and Purcell's "Come, if you dare." These were to have been sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, who was prevented by indisposition from appearing. Miss M. Beare, Madame Patey, and Mr. Bridson also contributed vocal pieces; and other items, choral and orchestral, made up an interesting concert.

Another of Mr. John Boosey's attractive morning ballad concerts (the second of the year) was given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. The new series of evening concerts will begin on Wednesday next.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (conducted by Mr. Barnby) gave a grand performance of "Judas Maccabaeus" on Wednesday, when the orchestral effects were reinforced by the co-operation of the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Mr. Charles Du Val has returned to the Drawing-Room at the St. James's Hall, where he is giving his "Odds and Ends" twice daily.

Notices of the Magazines for January, and the Old Masters at the Royal Academy, Continental Art Notes, National Sports, and other Articles, are unavoidably held over.

Mr. Dasent has resigned the Judgeship of the County Court of Bow and Shoreditch, and the appointment has been accepted by Mr. Samuel Prentice, Q.C.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 15.
Nothing would be easier, provided one suppressed small details, than to write an alarmist record of the past week. On Thursday cries of "Vive le Roi!" were heard at the station of the Orleans railway. On Sunday the Social revolution was proclaimed at a meeting of some three thousand working men professedly out of work. The incident of the Orleans railway was trivial. The Comte de Paris was starting for Spain on a visit to the Duc de Montpensier. An over-zealous Monarchist took upon himself to send round invitations to be present at the departure of "S.A.R. Philippe VII." The Prefect sent up a body of police; some forty persons responded to the invitation; and the Comte de Paris received a kind of ovation, probably much to his disgust. The working-men's meeting was a much more serious affair, and the discussion far more orderly than it is generally in such assemblies. Some twenty orators spoke, and all kinds of propositions were made for the relief of the victims of the present industrial crisis. According to a statement of the organisers of the meeting, out of the 400,000 workmen in Paris, 300,000 at the present moment are either out of employment or not earning enough to live on. The orators might be divided into two camps, the Anarchists and the Possessives—the former advocating immediate and extreme measures, such as demonstrations, and finally an appeal to arms; the latter advocating reconciliation, delegations, and resolutions to be communicated to the Government. In the end, a middle course was adopted, and it was decided that the organisers of the present meeting should arrange a similar meeting every week in the different quarters of Paris. The social revolution was then declared to be proclaimed; there were furious acclamations of joy, and the meeting broke up singing "La Carmagnole," and crying "Vive la Révolution Sociale!"

The prefectoral decree relating to the removal of household detritus has given quite a new physiognomy to the streets of Paris during the past few days. On the blank walls multi-coloured posters have advertised dust-boxes of the regulation model; the ironmongers have invaded the footpaths with piles and pyramids of galvanised iron boxes, both round and square; waggon-loads of these boxes have filled the streets, and, to meet the press of orders, even cabs have been enrolled to aid in the distribution. It may be imagined that it is no small matter to provide every house in Paris with a new dust-box—"boîte à ordures administrative," as it is called. The rag-pickers have been holding meetings of protestation, and the newspapers are accusing the Prefect of robbing Parisian industry of several millions of francs and of issuing tyrannical orders. The dust-box reform will certainly figure in the revues next Christmas as one of the events of the year, and doubtless in graceful dust-coloured tights.

Parliament has resumed work after the brief New Year's holiday. M. Brisson has been re-elected President of the Chamber, and M. Le Royer President of the Senate, and regular business began as usual. The question of the mole of Mont Saint-Michel came before the Chamber this afternoon. It will be remembered that, in order to reclaim land from the sea and to join the island permanently to the mainland, a mole and dyke were constructed some years ago. The result was to throw back the water against the rock on which the famous old castle and church is built. The waves have eaten so rapidly into the basement of the rock that the whole Mont Saint-Michel will inevitably disappear in time unless the dyke is destroyed. There has been much agitation in the press concerning the fate of this interesting monument, and yesterday Victor Hugo wrote the following letter, in the hope of influencing his Parliamentary colleague:—"The Mont Saint-Michel is for France what the great pyramid is for Egypt. It must be preserved from all mutilation. The Mont Saint-Michel must remain an island. This double work of nature and art must be preserved at any price.—VICTOR HUGO."

Thursday will be a gala day at the French Academy. M. Pailleron, the ingenious author of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," will take his seat on that day, and pronounce the usual reception piece. The following week the Academy will proceed to the election of three new members. The candidates are MM. Ludovic Halévy, François Coppée, Emile Montégut, (the translator of Shakespeare), M. Wallon, M. Oscar de Vallée (an eminent barrister), and M. Victor Duruy, author of a history of Rome, and former Minister of Public Instruction under the Empire.—M. de Maupas, the prefect of police, who took such an important part in the coup d'état, has just published his "Mémoires" (Dentu). M. de Maupas does not give us any new historical facts, and he perhaps magnifies his own rôle in the affair, but, nevertheless, his book is readable.—The National Library has just issued the results of its annual inventory. The library contains 2,500,000 volumes; 92,000 volumes of manuscripts; 144,000 medals; 2,000,000 prints and engravings, contained in 14,500 volumes and 4000 portfolios. The number of readers last year was 70,000. In 1868 the number of readers was 24,000.—The committee of the Gambetta monument has invited the French sculptors and architects to compete for its execution. The sum to be devoted to the monument amounts to about 350,000 francs, which has been raised by national subscription.

T. C.

The Portuguese Chamber of Deputies on Monday adopted the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

The Russian Court removed from Gatschina to the Anichkin Palace, in St. Petersburg, only three or four hours before the guns of the Peter and Paul fortress proclaimed the beginning of the Russian New Year. On Monday the Emperor and Empress received the usual congratulations of the season, in the Winter Palace, at eleven o'clock, withdrawing soon afterwards to their residence on the Nevsky Prospect.—An Imperial Ukase reappoints the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch as President of the Council of the Empire for the current year.—The Ministerial financial statement accompanying the Budget for 1884 estimates the receipts of the Empire at 792,264,073 roubles, and the expenditure at 801,997,412, leaving a deficit of 9,733,339 roubles.

On Monday the American Senate elected Mr. Anthony as its temporary President. He declined, however, to serve, on the ground of ill-health, and Mr. Edmunds was then re-elected.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne and suite paid a flying visit to Niagara Falls on Thursday week, and were rewarded with an unusually beautiful winter view. In the evening the Governor-General was entertained at dinner by the Toronto Club. In his speech his Excellency alluded to the loyalty of the Canadians, and eulogised the administration of the Earl of Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne. Referring to the proposed scheme for establishing a Confederation of the Australian Colonies, he expressed a hope that it would meet with a success equal to that which had attended Confederation in the Dominion of Canada.—The Hon. J. A. Mousseau, Premier of Quebec, has resigned. A new Cabinet is being formed by Mr. Masson.—A violent gale passed over the town of Compton, in the province of Quebec, on Tuesday, by which sixty buildings were destroyed.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

A further advance in Consols and similar high-class securities is one of the features of the past week. The payment of the interest on the National Debt and on the many other forms of indebtedness held here, was, in the absence of a liking for more adventurous securities, followed by purchases of the most secure stocks, almost regardless of the littleness of the yield. This is not a good feature. When investors are content with less than 3 per cent, we may be sure that distrust prevails, and at the present time the memory of recent losses is no doubt the cause of misgiving. In most other departments of Stock Exchange securities the course of prices is disappointing. In the foreign list, for example, Egyptian, which were buoyant a week ago on the supposition that we were, in spite of ourselves, becoming more concerned in Egypt, and that, therefore, the bondholders' interests would be guarded, have once more become flat. The Ministerial changes, the reassertion of French interests, and some other points, have reawakened anxiety in that market. With railways the tendency has been downwards, the good dividends being ousted by the less favourable accounts as to several of the large industries. The unusual depression in Grand Trunk securities has continued under the influence of further bad traffic statements, the result mainly of impeding weather, together with reports that the intended association with the West Shore Railway has met with obstacles of a financial character.

The dividends are still coming out well. The Metropolitan Railway Company pays the same rate, and carries £2000 forward, as against £1200 last year. The Sheffield Company also pays the same rate, but there is no increase in the amount carried forward, which is again £2800. Another of Sir Edward Watkin's lines, the South-Eastern, has advanced the rate of dividend from 7 to 7½ per cent per annum, and £3000 is carried forward, against £1500. The Brighton Company's rate has even more advanced, being 7 against 6½, while the balance over is £5700, as compared with £4897. The Bank dividends still keep up the first indications, the rates being the same in nearly all cases, but the balance left over being less. An exception is the case of the Imperial, which has raised its rate from 7 to 8 per cent per annum; but while last year £10,000 was placed to reserve, there is no addition this year. The Discount companies have very much the same experience as the banks. The National Discount keeps up its fine rate of 13 per cent per annum, and the United Discount, while again paying 6, carries forward £5023, as compared with £3937. One or two Marine Insurance Companies have made known their results. The Ocean again pays 7½, and the Standard 5, but the latter carries forward £17,216, as compared with £6945. The Universal Marine is able to make up the dividend of 1883 to 12½ per cent, while that for 1882 was 10.

The ten associated Australian banks in London are authorised to receive applications for £4,000,000 Victoria Four per Cent Debentures of £100, £500, and £1000. Interest is to be paid on April 1 and Oct. 1, and the principal is to mature Oct. 1, 1913. Tenders are to be sent in by Tuesday afternoon next, and the minimum is par; but, as full interest dates from October last, while payment by subscribers is to be made—5 per cent on the 29th inst. and the balance of March 25, there is a margin of nearly £2 per cent. The issue will only to a small extent add to the indebtedness of the borrower, as £1,824,100 will replace the amount advanced to meet debentures which matured October last, and £812,500 is to be used to pay off bonds on Oct. 1 next. It is worth noting that these two classes of bonds bore 6 per cent interest, and the saving on redemption is therefore 2 per cent. The balance of the present issue (£1,363,400) is to be used in the construction of railway and other works.

T. S.

"PRINCESS IDA," AT THE SAVOY.

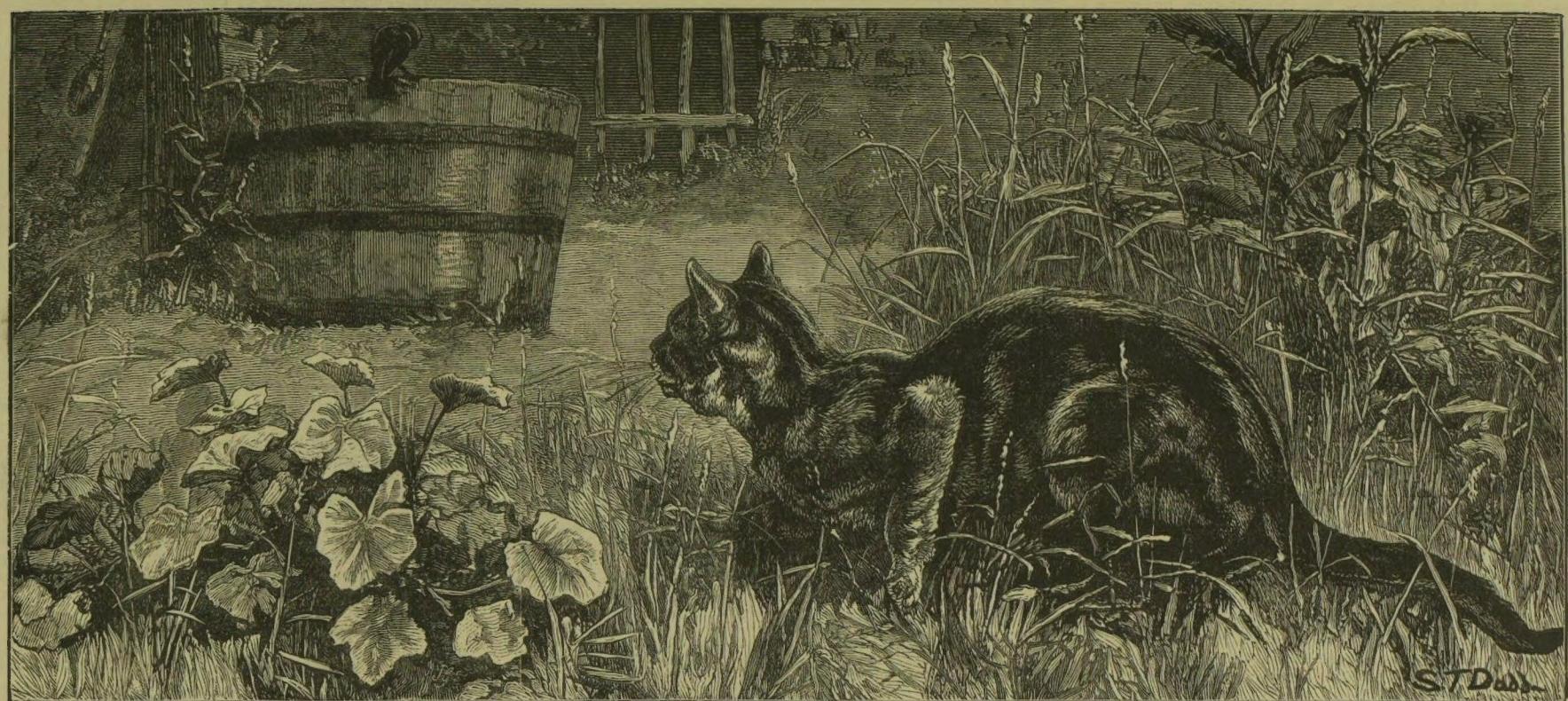
The new comic operetta, by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, called "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant," which was produced at the Savoy Theatre a fortnight ago, seems likely to command public favour during many weeks of the season. It was critically noticed last week by the writer of our current report of musical entertainments. The story is adapted, or "respectfully perverted," as the author of the libretto says, from Lord Tennyson's charming half-serious narrative poem, "The Princess, a Medley," published in 1847, one of his most popular works. Ida, the beautiful, intellectual, haughty Princess, resolving to prove the superiority of her sex, establishes a Ladies' University, assisted by Lady Psyche as Professor of Humanities, and Lady Blanche as Professor of Abstract Science,

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates, with their golden hair.

Ida's father, King Gama, had arranged her betrothal to Prince Hilarion, the son of King Hildebrand, when the young couple were mere babies. But, as the performance of this contract becomes impossible from Ida's determination to scorn marriage and her contempt for men, old Gama, who is a cynical, sarcastic, disagreeable misanthrope, goes alone to Hildebrand's Court, and there is an angry dispute between the two Kings. Hildebrand, resenting the breach of the engagement, makes Gama a prisoner, and declares war; but, in the meantime, Hilarion, with his friends Cyril and Florian, disguised as women, get admission to Castle Adamant, the Ladies' University College. They are detected by their masculine style of eating, drinking, and roistering, and by the finding of a cigar-case which one of them drops. A tumultuous scene takes place, in which Ida falls into the river, but is rescued by Hilarion; nevertheless, he and his two comrades are made captive. Then comes the siege of Castle Adamant by King Hildebrand's army; the ladies fight in their own defence, and call in the aid of three knights, with whom the Prince and Cyril and Florian engage in set combat. The champions of Ida being wounded and overthrown, their misfortune appeals to feminine compassion, and the male sex is forgiven. Hilarion, for his part, makes an eloquent address to Ida, persuading her to renounce her preposterous vows, and to accept him as her lover; so they are, finally, married and happy. Our illustrations do not require much further comment. In the centre of the page is represented the scene of the reception of the three pretended girl-students by Princess Ida. Her part is well performed by Miss Leonora Braham; that of Lady Blanche by Miss Brandam, and Lady Psyche by Miss Chard. Mr. George Grossmith, with great humour and originality, performs the character of King Gama, who figures at the bottom left-hand corner of our page of Sketches. Prince Hilarion and the other two young men (Messrs. H. Bracy, Lely, and Ryley) are shown in the top right-hand corner. The part of King Hildebrand is sustained by Mr. Rutland Barrington; and the acting, as well as the singing, is generally very good.

Mr. David Davies, M.P., has promised £500 a year towards the maintenance of the University College for Wales at Aberystwith.





"VAULTING AMBITION,"



"THAT O'ERLEAPS ITSELF,"



"AND FALLS ON THE OTHER SIDE."

A CATASTROPHE: THE NEW TALE OF A TUB.

PREPARING FOR THE SESSION.

The series of Cabinet Councils immediately preceding the opening of the Session on Tuesday, Feb. 5, will be commenced at the beginning of next week in the little house in Downing-street, the members of the Cabinet thus having a clear fortnight before them for their deliberations before meeting Parliament. Already might the lines on which the debates on the Address will probably proceed be foreshadowed. They are revealed, on the one hand, by the reiterated arguments of the chief Opposition speakers against the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Egypt, against the proposed extension of the County Franchise in Ireland, and against proceeding at all with the County Franchise for this country unless it is coupled with a scheme for the Redistribution of seats. On the other hand, it is equally clear from recent Ministerial utterances that a County Franchise Bill will be introduced by itself, and that the programme to be unfolded in the Queen's Speech will also include the promised measures for the better administration of London and the counties.

The Earl of Derby (who on Tuesday left town on a brief visit to her Majesty at Osborne) is reported to have come to a satisfactory agreement with the Transvaal delegates, by means of which new arrangement the persecuted Bechuana chiefs will be under British protection.

Sir Richard Cross has, with accustomed cheerfulness and readiness, led off the Opposition attack of the past week on the Government. At Hull yesterday week the ex-Home Secretary sweepingly condemned the Cabinet for the resolve to make a new "scientific frontier" between Egypt and the Sudan, the seaboard of which would be left open to a revival of the slave trade; and he as unreservedly deprecated the contemplated intention to extend the franchise in Ireland. Sir Richard Cross advanced these views with renewed emphasis on Saturday at the opening of the Hull Constitutional Club, and again at Bootle on Monday. Colonel Stanley lifted his voice to the same effect at Fleetwood on Monday night. But the joint leaders of the Conservative Party reserved themselves for the middle of the week, the Marquis of Salisbury having arranged to speak at Dorchester on Wednesday, and to arraign Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues at the bar of public opinion as being utterly incapable and wrong in everything they undertook, whether to meddle and muddle in Egypt or to deal with the franchise at home. Constitutional clubs are being formed as rapidly by the Conservatives for the purposes of party organisation as local Liberal clubs are being established for precisely the same reason by the party in power. It was to open the new Constitutional Club for Devonshire that Sir Stafford Northcote drove into Exeter from The Pynes on Wednesday. Besides "improving the occasion" then, Sir Stafford is to figure with the Earl of Carnarvon at a Conservative gathering in Exeter on Friday. Exeter is being so assiduously courted by the Conservatives, that it is not impossible she may ere long have two blue strings to her bow—Mr. Charles Darling as well as Mr. H. S. Northcote, M.P.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has quite as hearty a belief in himself as Sir Richard Cross has in his own infallibility, has been characteristically prompt to refute, to his own satisfaction, the adverse criticisms of the right hon gentleman. Welcomed with true Tyneside heartiness to the Circus of Newcastle on Tuesday evening, Mr. Chamberlain aptly referred at first to the lamentably large numbers of British seamen drowned at sea every year, and earnestly expressed the hope that the Board of Trade might find a way materially to lessen the total of fatalities. Though unsupported by Mr. Cowen, who has a horror of the Caucus and all its works, Mr. Chamberlain found consolation in the presence of the junior member, Mr. John Morley. The President of the Board of Trade was not without hope that the English occupation of Egypt would cease ere long, and that a strong National Government would be developed by the Egyptians. While in favour of a redistribution of Parliamentary seats as soon as practicable, he maintained that the County Franchise had best be dealt with by itself in the coming Session, and justified its extension to Ireland on every ground. In the north of England, the Ministry has been likewise stoutly defended by Sir Farrar Herschell at Gateshead. Mr. Mundella has had much to say on education in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Mr. Dodson has been earnest on the cattle disease at Scarborough. Sir Charles Dilke, mayhap to distract his mind from the overhead dangers of the telegraph and telephone wires or from the unabated miseries of "Outcast London," on Tuesday foregathered with the West Kensington Tricycle Club at the Holborn Restaurant, and waxed eloquent in praise of tricycling.

The Government had the satisfaction on the 10th inst. of knowing that the new Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. Samuel Walker, was returned unopposed for the county of Londonderry.

A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

This is indeed "a Catastrophe;" and the fate of poor feline Tom, whose "vaulting ambition," as Shakespeare remarks, is of the rash and reckless temper "that o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side," may serve as a warning to human would-be conquerors, too eagerly snatching at what seems an easy prey. The jackdaw, or some such bird, perching on the rim of a tub in the court-yard, may have appeared to this presumptuous animal the most tempting game within reach of a sudden spring from the ground, with claws extended to clutch and grasp its fluttering body; and we cannot help thinking just now of the French attack on Tonquin. But the foolish little beast, exulting in its strength and agility, does not know that the tub is half full of water, and that its inner sides are high and steep, whereby the cleverest of cats may presently find himself in danger of being drowned. The wary object of his assault has in the mean time shifted its place to elude capture, while Tom descends ignominiously into the tub, and will there splash about in terror, squalling for some human ally to release him from such a helpless and perilous plight. It is a very simple story, but one that might have found place among those of Aesop or La Fontaine.

Lord Reay has been chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, the numbers being Lord Reay, 95; Mr. Edward Gibson, M.P., 87.

In London 2681 births and 1493 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 129 and the deaths 326 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Duke of Westminster steamer, from Brisbane, which had been aground for several days at Atherfield, Isle of Wight, was got off on Tuesday, and taken to Southampton Water.

The steamer Celtic, which broke her main shaft not long after leaving New York, and from which four passengers were landed by another steamer a few days since, arrived in Queenstown on Monday in tow of the Britannic, and afterwards proceeded to Liverpool.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J A B (Baltimore).—We are greatly obliged for your letter and the inclosures. Kindly convey our cordial good wishes to Mr. Sellmann.

J H (Darlington).—In the amended position the problem is much improved. It shall have early attention.

S A H.—A happy thought, but White's second move, after 1. Kt takes P, 2. Kt to Kt 8th, seems to be a slip of the pen. Do you not mean 2. Kt to Q 8th?

A L P.—You were so close to Mr. Campbell's trail that we doubt not you discovered it before seeing the solution last week.

J T C (Blandford).—The British Chess Magazine has such a tourney in hand. Address, Mr. John Watkinson, Fairfield, Huddersfield.

H B (Credilton).—The problem in three moves is too good to be true. Look at 1. Q to Q 8th, K moves; 2. Q to Q 2nd; and 3. K mates! The other appears below.

J S S (Margate).—King and Bishop cannot mate the adverse King.

O H L (Manchester).—Your postal card came to hand mutilated, and is, consequently, unintelligible.

D B (Kingston).—We are obliged for the pamphlet, and shall notice it next week.

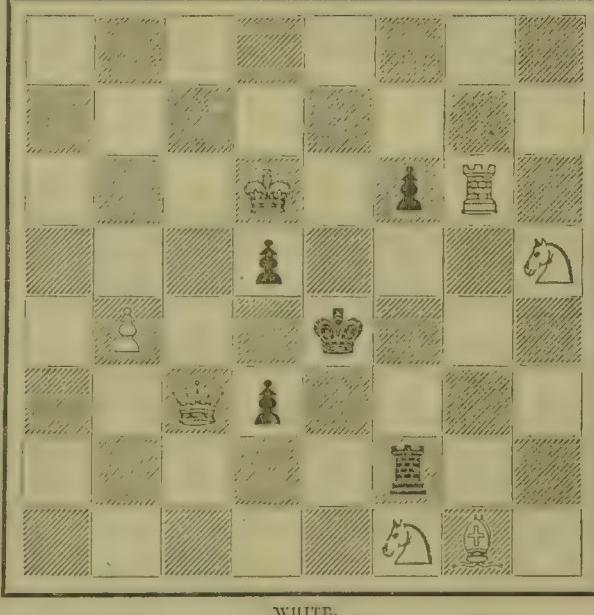
GAMES AND PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from R. R. (Wigan), H. B. W. (Winter Wood), P. B. (Harrison), Keith (Balham), Nicholas has not complied with our regulations, and is asked for his name and address.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF M. JENSEN'S PROBLEM (1. Q to Q Kt 8th) received from Rev W. Anderson (Old Romney); Herr Gottschall's Problem from C. Stewart Wood; of both and of Heyen, Salmingen's and Drtina's Problems from Pierce Jones; of No. 2071 from G. R. Loudon (Richmond, U.S.A.); of No. 2072, from Henry Beech (London, Ontario), and new John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2073, from Fanny Gretton (Lille), Conger, H. Stebbing, and Keg; of No. 2074, from W. Biddle, New Forest; Pierce Jones, Keg, Espanol (Carthagena), and K. (Bridgwater).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2078 received from H. B. W. Hickman, G. T. C. D. O. W. Hillier, H. Reeve, L. Sharpe, Ernest Sharswood, R. H. N. B. Windsor, P. V. Valliamy, Jupiter Junior, G. W. Law, H. Lucas, J. Wyman, D. Biddle, J. T. W., W. H. Fawcett, G. A. L. C. R. L. Southwell, Ben Nevis, E. Casella (Paris), L. Desanges, R. H. Brooks, John Hodson (Maidstone), H. Z. J. R. (Edinburgh), B. H. C. (Salisbury), L. T. L. (London), W. Wilson, L. Falcon (Antwerp), S. Lowndes, W. Biddle, Indragator, Little Bits, Julia Short, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), B. (Stroud), Dennis Green, H. W. Sandil, Anne Harper, H. H. Betty, J. P. J. (Hastings), Abingdon, F. Ferrier, M. O' Halloran, A. W. Scrutton, K. M. Falmouth Hotel, Stamford, Pierce Jones, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L. Wyman, H. H. (Liverpool), D. O. D. E. J. Read, T. H. Holdorn, Cafe Xavier (Brussels), O. Stewart Wood, M. Tipping, A. Wigmore, Spencer Perceval, A. C. Hastings, W. P. Beach, J. J. O'Riordan, H. R. Davies, P. B. Harrison, Nicholas, Dr. F. St. Peacock (Canterbury), Z. Ingold, (Bridgwater), R. Worts (Canterbury), G. T. B. Kyngdon, New Forest, Lala Ross, St. George, E. Louren, A. F. Gravely, F. F. (Brussels), R. O. Hodnet, L. J. Greenaway, H. Blacklock, G. S. Oldfield, James Pilkington, Thomas Waters, A. Chapman, C. T. Salusbury, G. A. Ferraby, C. Darragh, Kerina, A. M. Colborne, R. J. Vines, Jinks Brown, William Cooling, E. O. J. W. Kirby, Hubert W. Taylor, William Miller (Cork), Henry Bristow, A. H. Main, A. Schmucke, R. Robinson, R. T. Kemp, J. E. Piper, Raymond, Alpha, Robert Willis, R. Wood, C. E. Taylor, Limachina, J. T. C. Chatto, E. W. Fry, H. Stebbing, R. W. Stewart, E. P. Tilley, T. G. Goss, J. Hunter, Smich, Carl Eggert (Hamburg), D. W. Kell, C. S. Cox, F. G. Parloe, Einmo (Darlington), Keg, T. Braundt, J. Yates Grant, H. B. Westall, and R. A. S.

PROBLEM NO. 2078.
By HENRY BRISTOW.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

An amusing Skirmish in which our old and valued correspondent, "DELTA," yields the odds of King's Knight to a young Scottish Amateur.
(Remove White's Kt from the board.)

WHITE (Delta).	BLACK (Delta).	WHITE (Delta).	BLACK (Delta).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black had already a cramped and feeble game, and castling in the face of the advancing Pawns makes it worse.	
2. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
3. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	12. P to B 5th	Kt to Kt 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	13. P to Kt 4th	P to Q 3rd
5. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Q to Kt 3rd	P takes P
As the opening is something like an Evans' Gambit, without the Kt, however, Black should here have played 5. P to Q 3rd.		15. P takes Kt	P takes P
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. P to B 6th	P to Kt 3rd
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	17. B to R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
8. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	18. B takes R	K takes B
9. B to Q 5th	Kt to Kt 4th	19. Q to K B 3rd	P to B 3rd
10. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 3rd	20. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 6th (ch)
11. B to Kt 2nd	Castles	21. K to R sq	Q to Q 5th
		22. Q to Kt 3rd	Q takes R.
			White mates in four moves.

The address of the Rev. Mr. Statway, who is willing to receive subscriptions on behalf of the family of the late Mr. P. S. Shenele, is Barking, and not Ipswich, as stated in our issue of the 5th inst.

The Railway Cleaning House Chess Club has been successful in two matches during the past week. Against the Great Western its representatives scored four games to one, and against St. John's Institute ten games to three.

A match between the Croydon and London and Westminster Bank Chess clubs was played on the 5th inst. at the public hall, Croydon. It resulted in favour of the latter with a score of six games to four, after nearly four hours' play.

A return-match between the Dover Chess Club and sixteen players of Dover not members of the club was played in the Council Chamber at the Townhall on the 10th inst. It resulted in a victory for the club with a score of 19½ to 6½. In the course of the evening some amusement was caused by Messrs. J. and F. Finnis on the one side and Messrs. A. T. Wilson and E. Burkett on the other playing a game of four-handed chess. The first-named pair won.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has consented to become the president of the International Arbitration and Peace Association.

The twelfth annual dinner and meeting of the Old Pauline's Club was held on Tuesday evening at Simpson's, Strand; the Right Hon. Sir James Hannon, an Old Pauline, in the chair.

Princess Christian assisted in an entertainment given on Tuesday to the patients of the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton. This is one of a series of weekly entertainments furnished for the amusement of the inmates during the winter months. Her Royal Highness played two solos on the pianoforte, and accompanied the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple and Miss Shinner, who both performed admirably on the violin. Other items in the programme of this most successful amateur concert were provided by Colonel Viscount Hinchingbrook, M.P. (under whose directions the arrangements were carried out), Lady Agnes Montagu, Miss Mary Liddell, Mrs. Ronalds, Mr. H. Graham, Mr. F. C. Ricardo, and Mr. Parratt. The concert was held in the new entertainment-room, part of the block the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1879. At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. Gillespie thanked her Royal Highness for her valuable assistance, and observed that from the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, the Brompton Consumption Hospital had received many marks of kindness, for which the governing body were grateful. Not only had the Princess charmed them with her share in the entertainment, but she had won their hearts by her kind sympathy.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty has had but few visitors at Osborne since the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Albany with their daughter, Princess Alice, with whom Princess Beatrice crossed to Portsmouth, she returning to Osborne in the Alberta on their Royal Highnesses leaving for town. Princess Beatrice again went to Portsmouth last Saturday and inspected the Dockyard and the Dreadnought, when the working of her 38-ton turret-guns was shown by men from the Excellent. The Bacchante and the Camperdown were also visited. After lunching with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Countess Dornburg, her Royal Highness, who was then joined by Princess Frederica, Baroness Pawell-Rammingen, returned in her Majesty's yacht to Osborne. The Bishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of Australia, arrived, and joined the Royal dinner circle, and on Sunday he performed Divine service at Osborne, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Frederica attending. The Bishop dined with the Queen, and left on Monday. The Hon. Sir Henry and Lady Elliot and Captain the Hon. A. Denison have also dined with her Majesty; and Mrs. Rawson, widow of the late Commander Rawson, formerly Lieutenant of the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, who died from a wound received at Tel-el-Kebir, has been received by the Queen. Her Majesty continues to receive excellent accounts from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught from Meerut. The anniversaries of the birthdays of their Royal Highnesses' children were on Sunday and on Tuesday, Prince Arthur of Connaught being a year old on the former, and Princess Margaret two years old on the latter day. Their Royal Highnesses are with the Queen at Osborne.

The Prince of Wales returned to Sandringham from Melton Constable last Saturday, and the same afternoon the Russian Ambassador, Baroness Mohrenheim, and Mdle. Mohrenheim, the French Ambassador and Madame Warrington, Lord Carlingford, the Right Hon. J. G. and Mrs. Goschen, and the Hon. and Rev. Latimer Neville, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, arrived. Divine service was performed at St. Mary Magdalene's, Sandringham Park, on Sunday, by the Rector of the parish and the Master of Magdalene, the Prince and Princess, with their family and guests, attending. The party broke up on Monday, the Prince coming to Marlborough House. In the evening his Royal Highness was at the Opera Comique. On Tuesday evening the Prince arrived at Halton, near Tring, on a visit to Mr. Alfred de Rothschild for a couple of days' shooting. Tring was gaily decorated and illuminated, and the local Volunteers were drawn up in the town as a guard of honour. The Prince of Saxe-Coburg was also one of the house party. A banquet was given by Mr. de Rothschild on Wednesday and a ball on Thursday. The Princess joined the Prince on his return to Marlborough House.

Princess Christian visited the Hospital for Women, Soho-square, yesterday week, and distributed the gifts from three Christmas-trees, which her Royal Highness had provided for the patients. The Princess assisted in an entertainment given to the patients of the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, on Tuesday, her Royal Highness playing two solos on the pianoforte, and accompanying the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple and Miss Shinner, who performed on the violin.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of Albany and a small party at Eastwell Park. On Monday the Duke of Albany and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh paid a visit to Canterbury and inspected the Cathedral.

RAMBLING SKETCHES : GIBRALTAR.

The famous "Rock," a citadel of British naval power, stands fronting the Atlantic, at the entrance to the Mediterranean, midway between the Spanish ports of Seville and Malaga. Its highest point rises 1400 ft. above the sea level. The north face is almost perpendicular; the east side, overlooking the Mediterranean, presents great precipices; and the south side also forbids access; only the west side, though steep and rugged, slopes towards the bay, giving space for a small town. The total area of the British territory here is about two square miles. It is connected with the mainland of Spain by a low sandy isthmus, a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. This is "the Neutral Ground," between the British and the Spanish lines. The Bay, from Europa Point at Gibraltar to Cabrita in Spain, is eight miles long and five miles from east to west; the depth of water in its centre is above one hundred fathoms. It is not a good harbour, being exposed to the Atlantic and to the south-west winds. Gebel Tarik, as the Moors called it, was taken by those Mussulman invaders of Spain in the year 711, but was conquered by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century. In 1704, during the war of the Spanish Succession, it was easily captured by Admiral Sir George Rooke, the garrison being only a hundred and fifty men, who did not fight; and it was ceded to Great Britain at the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. In our war with France and Spain, from 1779 to 1783, Gibraltar was besieged four years by the combined Spanish and French forces, but was successfully defended by General Elliot, Lord Heathfield.

The town has a mixed population of less than twenty thousand, not including the garrison of British soldiers. It is the entrepot for much trade between Spain and Morocco, and there are many Jews, Moors, and Spaniards to be met in its narrow streets, which merit no particular description. The main street is Waterport. The fortifications are much more worthy of notice, with terraces and covered galleries, wide enough for carriages, cut out of the solid limestone and marble of the Rock, for a length of two or three miles, and with formidable batteries in every direction. There are the King's Bastion, the Albert Bastion, the Victoria, the Oringe, and several others, with very powerful guns, making this one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Below Europa Point are the Flats, an open space used for military parades and manoeuvres, and for a recreation ground. The Governor's residence was formerly the Franciscan Convent. The South Barracks, at Rosia, with the Naval Hospital, and the Windmill Hill Barracks, are tolerably salubrious from their situation. Grand sea views, and views of the coast both ways, are obtained from the higher points of the Rock. The southern point is called O'Hara's Tower, where a station was placed to watch the movements of the Spanish fleet from Cadiz. On the northern point a gun is mounted, which is fired, we believe, at sunrise and sunset. A middle point is the Signal Station, where anciently the fire-beacon was lighted in case of alarm. Beyond, to the east, is Catalan Bay, which may be visited by taking a boat. The Rock abounds with snakes, with a peculiar species of wild monkeys, which have no tails, and with rabbits, partridges, teal, and woodcocks. Foxes in the neighbourhood afford good sport to English riders of "the Calpe Hunt." The natural caverns of the Rock are worthy of a visit; and the Cork Woods, and other places of the adjacent Spanish country, invite many a pleasant ramble.

At a recent court of the Armourers and Brasiers' Company grants of money, amounting to £323, were made to various well-known charities.

CONVICT LIFE: DARTMOOR PRISON.

In the two preceding Numbers of this Journal, we have presented a series of Illustrations of Princetown, on Dartmoor, and of the large Convict Prison now maintained there, in the buildings erected seventy-five years ago for the reception of the French prisoners of war. The internal arrangements, organisation, and discipline of this penal establishment, with the different employments of the convicts, in the granite quarries, on the farm, and in the carpenters', smiths', tailors', and other workshops, as well as the regulations concerning diet and hours of labour or rest, have been sufficiently described. No further explanation is required of the subjects represented in our third set of sketches, which show the prisoners being searched before going out, a troop of them being conducted to the quarries, another party doing service as scavengers in the neighbouring village of Princetown, some of them at work in the smithy, and others occupied in shoe-making. We propose to give corresponding Illustrations of the Convict Prisons at Portland and other places in the United Kingdom.

An International Exhibition will be opened at the Crystal Palace in April next, and Mr. Forbes Robertson has been appointed Commissioner for the British Fine Art Section.

After consideration, the Secretary of State for War has decided that it will not be necessary for General Gordon to resign his commission in her Majesty's service in consequence of his mission to the Congo. He will remain on the active list of the Army under precisely similar conditions to those applied to his employment by the Chinese and Egyptian Government.

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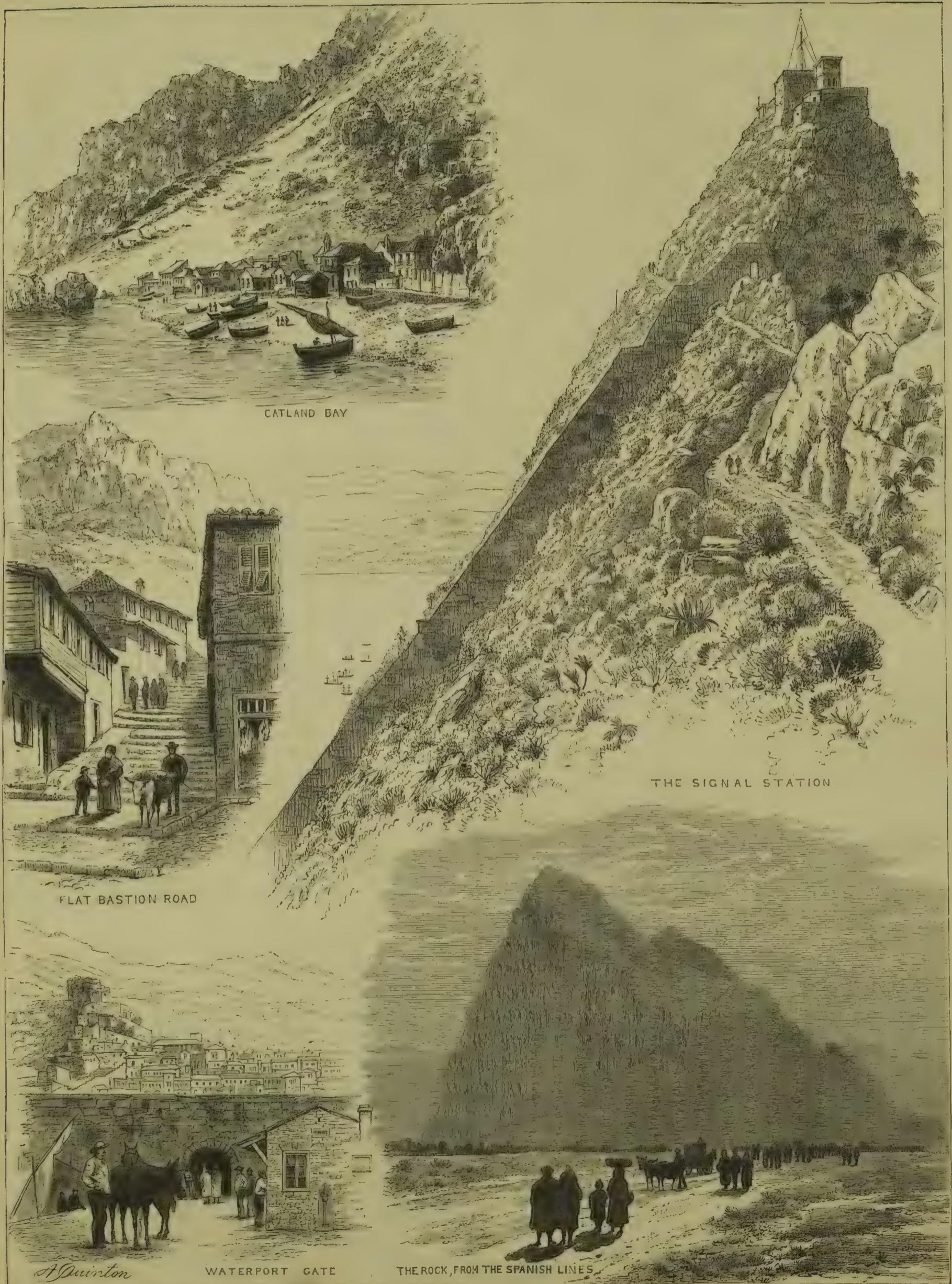
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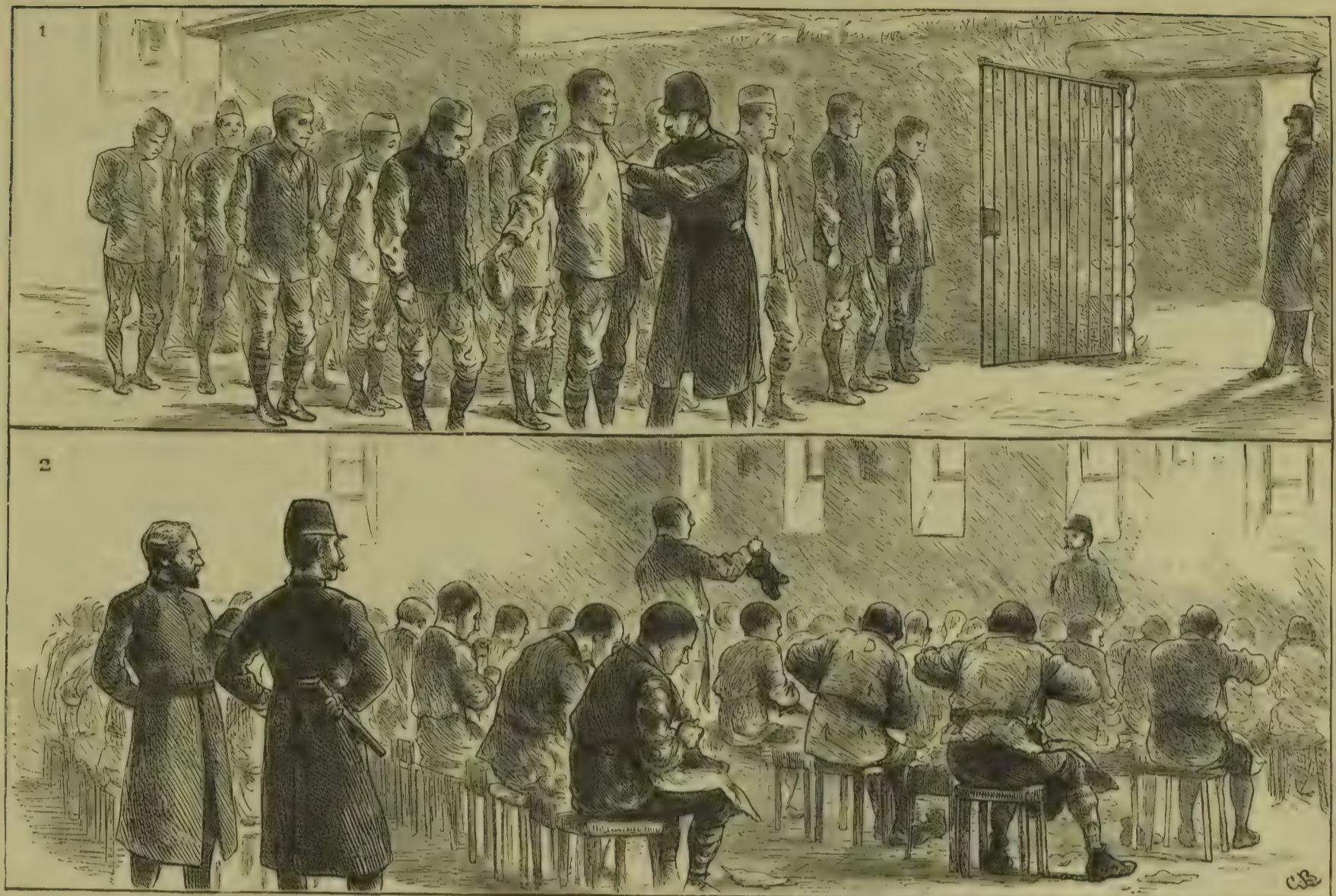
By DR. BARR MEADOWS, Physician to the National Institution for Disease of the Skin. Ninth Edition, post-free, 3s. stamps.

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ERUPTIONS; Their Rational Treatment.<





1. Searching Convicts before going to work.

Convicts making shoes.



COMING OUT OF PRISON TO WORK IN QUARRIES.

SCAVENGERS.

THE SMITHY

1. Convicts coming out to work in the Quarries.

2. Convicts acting as scavengers in Princetown.

3. Convicts working in the Smithy.

CONVICT LIFE: DARTMOOR.

THE HULL, BARNSLEY, AND WEST RIDING JUNCTION RAILWAY AND DOCK COMPANY
(Incorporated 43 and 44 Vic. cap. 199, Aug. 23, 1860).

Four per Cent PERPETUAL PREFERENCE STOCK, 1884.

Price of Issue, £285 for every £100 of Stock.

Divided contingent on the profits of each year, and to commence to accrue on Jan. 1, 1887.

Authorised by the Special General Meetings of the Proprietors, held on Feb. 24, 1882, and on Aug. 28, 1883, in accordance with the provisions of the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock (New Works) Act, 1882, and the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock (Various Powers) Act, 1883.

Subscriptions are invited for the balance unallotted of the above Stock, on the following terms and conditions:

1. The price is £85 for every £100 of stock, and no sum less than £10, or that is not a multiple of £10, will be allotted.

2. The deposit on allotment is £20 per £100, and must be paid to the bank or banks on the allotment letter on or before Jan. 1, 1884. If not so paid, the allotment will thereafter become cancelled.

3. The balance is payable in the instalments, and on the date of payment subjoined—viz.:

£15 per £100 on July 1, 1884.

£15 " " Jan. 1, 1885.

£15 " " July 1, 1885.

£20 " " Jan. 1, 1886.

4. Subscribers will have the option of paying the above-named instalments in advance on any day fixed for the payment of the deposit, or any one of the days fixed for the payment of the first or any subsequent instalment; and interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum will be allowed by way of rebate for the time the payment is delayed.

5. If an instalment remains unpaid after the due date, interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum will be charged upon the arrears.

6. In the event of any instalment and the interest thereon remaining unpaid for more than thirty days after the due date, the Directors reserve to themselves the right to declare all previous payments forfeited, and to dispose of the stock at their discretion for the benefit of the Company.

7. No sum less than £10, or that is not a multiple of £10, will be transferred, and stock transferred is to be held by the transferee subject to the conditions of the original allotments, and no stock will be transferred until any instalment which has been given is paid.

8. Twenty-one days' notice of the first and subsequent instalments will be sent by post to the registered proprietors of the stock.

The rapidly approaching completion of the Company's works, authorised by their Act of 1882, renders it very desirable that the extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax, the construction of the new Fish Dock, and the completion of the Central Passenger Station in Hull, as authorised by the Company's Acts of 1882 and 1883 respectively, should be proceeded with without delay.

It has been resolved to enter upon a contract with Messrs. Lucas and Aird for the construction of the entire works, on agreed terms and prices, with a view to the strictest economy. This arrangement has been accepted by that firm, and it is believed the works can be completed in three years from their commencement.

The trade of Hull, upon which the prosperity of the Company's undertaking must always largely depend, continues steadily to increase. The tonnage upon which dock dues were paid in 1882 was 2,425,372 tons, against 2,217,219 tons in the previous year, showing an increase of 208,153 tons. The estimated tonnage to the close of this year is 2,823,000, showing a further increase of about 100,000 tons over 1882, and a total increase over 1881 of more than 300,000 tons.

The extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax will be of incalculable advantage in preserving and fostering the trade of the port with the West Riding and the Midland districts.

The construction of the Fish Dock, urgently called for by a large section of the trade, will largely increase the volume of that trade, and put a highly remunerative traffic on the railway.

The Company's Act of 1882, authorising the extension of their system to Huddersfield and Halifax, was pronounced at the meeting of a deputation composed of members of the Corporation and Chambers of Commerce of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the merchants and manufacturers of those towns and the surrounding districts.

It is no exaggeration to say that the deputation, in seeking to obtain further railway facilities, truthfully represented the views not only of the respective Corporations to which they belonged, but those also of a manufacturing and industrial population approaching 400,000 in number.

The Corporations of Huddersfield and Halifax were desirous of contributing such the sum of £50,000 to the Capital required, and their desire in this respect (although not acceded to by Parliament) was in each case unanimously supported by the rate-payers in public meeting assembled.

The objects sought to be obtained by the Company's Act of 1882 were—

1. The establishment of good local connection between Halifax and Huddersfield.

2. To obtain improved communication between those two and the Midland districts, the West of England, and the Port of Hull.

3. To open up new sources of coal supply, for household and manufacturing purposes, to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax and the surrounding districts.

That portion of the line which lies between Cudworth and Huddersfield passes through an important section of the Flockton coal-field, and, in addition, will open out the South Yorkshire coal-field to the Huddersfield merchants and manufacturers, who are in a great measure forced to import supplies by means of carting at a heavy cost. The railway facilities hitherto given to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax have been lamentable in the extreme, not only as regards local traffic but much else, but with regard also to their connections with the Midland districts and with London.

The state of affairs will be entirely remedied by the construction of the proposed line, together with the joint Midland and Hull and Barnsley station at Cudworth.

The Hull and Barnsley Railway Company have made an agreement with the Midland Railway Company whereby the use of the line is accorded to the latter company on equitable terms, and the Hull and Barnsley Company have received an intimation, in writing, that the Midland Railway Company, in entering into that agreement in 1884 for running powers over this line, did so with the full intention, which they still retain, of exercising those running powers between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax upon completion of the railway.

The relations between the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company and the Midland Railway Company continue to be of a friendly character, and hold out the strongest assurance that the traffic both Companies between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax will be worked harmoniously and economically, and that the whole trade of the district will be thoroughly developed.

It is impossible to conceive any announcement of greater importance than the above to all who have the welfare at heart of the commercial and industrial classes in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or who are interested in the continued and increasing prosperity of the Midland Railway Company.

There can be little doubt that the co-operation of the two companies working over this line will secure the payment of the reasonable dividends of 2½ per cent.; but it should be borne in mind that when the dividend on this stock commences to accrue it will be secured as first charge (after payment of debenture interest) upon the profits of the entire property of the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company, which will consist, when their authorised works are completed, of 97 miles of railway and a Dock Estate of about 400 acres in extent, supplied with two docks of 46 acres and 14 acres of water space respectively.

The price of £85 per £100, at which this stock is issued, renders it a very desirable investment, having regard to the prospect of its ultimate value and the present value of English railway preference stocks.

A bill has been deposited in Parliament by the merchants and others of Halifax for the construction of the necessary short connecting link between the town and Holmfirth, on the Great Northern Railway, and it is hoped that arrangements will be made whereby, if this proposed line be also sanctioned, the Hull and Barnsley Company (and through them the Midland Railway Company) will have the use of it on terms to be agreed, thus securing the long needed route to Scotland and the North through Huddersfield and Halifax.

An epitome of some of the principal evidence given before the Committees of Parliament, together with explanatory maps, and forms of application, may be obtained from the Bankers of the Company, Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, London; Messrs. Samuel Smith Bros. and Co., Hull; also from the following Brokers—Messrs. Capel and Co., 5, Wigmore-street, London; Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, and Co., Liverpool-street, London; Messrs. Moore and Son, Huddersfield; Mr. J. H. Thackrah, Halifax; and from the Secretary at the Offices of the Company in Hull.

By order, J. DANIELL, Secretary.

Hull, Jan. 11, 1884.

SCHOOL-SHIP CONWAY, Liverpool, for TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN to become OFFICERS in the Merchant Service (though sea-going is not compulsory). This vessel (formerly H.M.S. *Nile*, ninety guns) is under the direct patronage of her Majesty the Queen, who gives annually a gold medal to be competed for by the cadets; the Admiralty also give appointments yearly as midshipmen, R.N. and R.N.R. Inclusive terms, 50 guineas. For prospectus and other information, apply, the Captain, ARCHIBALD T. MILLER, as above.

64, CORNHILL.—PERILS ABOUND ON EVERY SIDE! THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all Kinds on Land or Water, and has the Largest Invested Capital and Income, and Pays Yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. Apply, the Local Agents; or West-End Office: 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing-cross; or at Head Office. W. J. VIAN, Sec.

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DENNYS' ANTI-FOULING PAINT COMPANY (Limited).

REPORT FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE S.S. CEYLON, AFTER A TEST OF EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Aug. 20, 1883.

"In accordance with your desire, I surveyed the bottom of the S.S. Ceylon yesterday, 23rd inst., in Mr. James Laine's Cornhill Dock, Sunderland, and have to report as follows on the present state of Dennys' Anti-Fouling Composition as applied to this vessel."

"In the first place, it is necessary to state that the S.S. Ceylon was lately employed under my command upon a yachting voyage round the world, and from which cruise we returned to Southampton in August, 1882, after having taken a short Atlantic cruise of five weeks, returning home in October, 1882, proceeding thenceforward to Australia, in which port she has been laid up ever since until the present time."

"The vessel was coated with one coat only of Dennys' Anti-Fouling Composition on Feb. 28, 1882, in the Aberdeen Dry Dock, Hong-Kong; it is, therefore, eighteen months since the composition was applied, and I cannot imagine a more severe test than it has undergone during that time."

"Upon examination I find that downwards to the light-water mark the paint has been chafed off whilst lying in dock, but from light-water mark to the keel the paint remains perfectly smooth, clean, and absolutely free from any marine growth whatsoever. This is the more surprising, considering the work done by the vessel in the long interval since the paint was applied, the high temperature of water through which she has passed, and the various harbours entered which are notorious for fouling ships rapidly."

"In fact, I have no hesitation in saying, that in all my experience I have never known any other Anti-Fouling Composition which could show similar results after such a severe test, or which possesses in such a high degree the property of preventing marine growths, either weed or shell, in water of high temperature.—Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) R. D. LUNHAM, Commander."

Extract from a report by Captain John Blair, manager of the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company (Limited), Singapore:

"During six years' experience at the Tanjong Pagar Docks I have had constant opportunities of observing the anti-fouling properties of the numerous patent paints now used for iron vessels, and have also made frequent trials of the more celebrated compositions upon the Company's iron tugs, the result having been so good that in no case have any of these paints without the growth of animal and vegetable matter for more than six weeks, Dennys' Paint alone having proved a perfect anti-fouling."

"P.S.—It should be mentioned that the tug steamer only plys every alternate week, and the greater portion of the time are lying at their moorings, so that the test is of the most severe description."

"Singapore, Feb. 4, 1882."

Captain Henry Honeyman Handley, twenty years Surveyor of Shipping at Calcutta, Surveyor for Lloyd's, and Inspector and Surveyor for the Veritas and upwards of twenty local Insurance Offices, gives the following certificate:

"I, the undersigned, hereby certify that I proceeded to Liverpool, and thence to Birkenhead dry dock, for the purpose of surveying and reporting on the state of Dennys' Paint, which had been put on the steamer *Priam*, Holt's Line, Captain S. Butler, at Shanghai, and, after a careful examination, I report that—"

"I found the upper part of the paint in midships had been more or less knocked off by, as Captain Butler stated, the boats in China; there were also a few patches partly off in a few parts of the bottom, but no fouling or corrosion left; otherwise it was in the most perfect state throughout, and as clean as if only just put on; in fact, after the course of my professional duties for many years surveying so many patent paints, I was not prepared to find this, Dennys' Patent Paint, so much superior to any that I had previously seen. I scarcely thought it possible for any paint to be so clean and effective against fouling."

"HENRY HANDLEY."

"London, June 23, 1882. (Late Lloyd's Surveyor.)"

PREFERENTIAL DIVIDEND of 10 per cent with further participation in profits. No Allotment will be made unless at least one half of the present issue is subscribed.

DENNYS' ANTI-FOULING PAINT COMPANY (Limited).—Capital £120,000, divided into 10,000 "A" Preference Shares of £10 each, and 20,000 "B" Ordinary Shares of £5 each.—FIRST ISSUE of 6,000 "A" PREFERENCE SHARES, of which 2,000 are specially reserved for subscription in Singapore, and will, it is anticipated, be fully subscribed by the end of the year. The balance is now offered for subscription at par, payable 10s. on application for 23 lbs. on allotment, and 23 three-months all-inclusive interest."

Note.—The "A" shares carry a cumulative preferential dividend of 10 per cent per annum in perpetuity over the "B" Ordinary shares, together with a pro rata proportion of the balance of net profits remaining in any year, after payment of 10 per cent on the "A" and "B" shares.

DIRECTORS.

Admiral Sir EDWARD A. INGLEFIELD, C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., 93, Queen's-gate, S.W., Chairman.

Rear-Admiral H. M. Elliott, J.P., Castle Hill House, Reading.

Arthur Barr, Esq. (Director of the Ocean Steam-Yachting Company, Limited), 16, Ashburn-place, Cromwell-road, S.W.

Henry T. Cole, Esq., Q.C. (Treasury of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple), 17, Prince of Wales's-terrace, Kensington Palace, S.W.

John Scarlett Campbell, Esq. (late Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab), 1, Queen's-gate place, S.W.

John Forsey, Esq., Stead's St. Owen's, Water-lane, E.C.

Robert Rice, Esq. (Director of the Singapore Gas Company, Limited), 1, Alder Lodge, Bramley-hill, Croydon.

Nicolas Benfield Dennis, Esq., 1, P.D.S., White House, Singapore, Managing Director.

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For Singapore and the East—The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

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Messrs. Cole and Rodyk, 7, Mincing-lane, London, E.C.

Messrs. Cole and Rodyk, 12, Queen's-gate place, S.W.

BROKERS.

Messrs. Fyemont and Son, 8, Drapery-gardens, E.C.

Messrs. Hart and Watson, 63, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow.

Messrs. Kerr and Bonnar, 2, George-street, Edinburgh.

SECRETARY—Thomas Rich, Esq.

Registered Offices—102, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company is formed to purchase, work, and develop the patent rights for "Improving" Paints. Compositions for coating ships' bottoms and other submerged surfaces to prevent fouling and for preserving iron, wood, and other matter from the effects of exposure to salt water, damp, or atmospheric influences, and generally to carry on the business of manufacturing, selling, and otherwise dealing with the same.

This patented anti-fouling composition has been submitted to lengthened and severe tests during the past three years, and appears likely to be generally adopted by shipowners and others, and largely used on the seacoast and in salt-water rivers, to preserve iron, wood, or other matter from fouling. There seems no room for doubt that a large and lucrative business will be secured.

It is a well-known fact that seagoing vessels speedily become coated with barnacles and other animal and vegetable substances; these substances increase daily in quantity, and after an immersion of a short period, the rate of progress becomes rapid. Shipowners are consequently obliged to have their vessels frequently docked in order to be thoroughly cleaned and painted with one or other of the many existing compositions, none of which have yielded sufficient protection, or they are compelled to suffer loss from reduced speed and greater consumption of fuel. In either case the result is a serious additional expense to shipowners. The invention of Dr. Dennis practically answers the requirements of shipowners, and supplies a long-felt want.

The paint has been manufactured by the Singapore Patent Company only, the proprietors of the local patent; this Company experienced the usual opposition, but forced its way gradually into the market; and the improvements effected resulted in proving that this is the best and most effective anti-fouling composition. The quick-drying quality of the paint is an additional recommendation; the ordinary kinds of priming used for vessels require so much time to dry before the paint can be laid on that, when repainting is the only object of docking, the ship is unable to clear the dock in one day. To obviate this disadvantage, the composition of a special priming has been effected, which (like the paint) dries within an hour after application; and a vessel may now have even four coats (two of the priming and two of the paint), and get out of dock on the same day, though only one coat of each has been generally used in Singapore.

The paint has been submitted to other exhaustive trials; it has been tested in Chinese waters where, at certain periods, it resembles our own, and also in the waters of the Straits of Malacca and the Malayan Archipelago, which are well known to be bad for fouling as any in the world. Several large plates of Singapore Harbour, have stood the action of fouling for over twelve months, and have shown no signs of fouling whatever. (See Reports.)

The paint is equally useful on wood, a coated pile being found absolutely clean after an immersion of eight months, while the surrounding piles were quite foul; it is therefore of the greatest value for all submarine structures, piers, landing stages, and buoys.

It is intended to establish a factory in or near London, with the necessary plant and machinery, for the manufacture of the Paint; and the Directors have the power, at their discretion, of most of the premises in this large area at Millwall. The Directors of Dr. Dennis agreed to act as Managing Directors for a

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In every combination of style and colour.
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A Large Collection of
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A FULL ASSORTMENT of
New Skirttings,
In every variety of Stripe, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.
All the Historical and Military Wool Tartans.

IN WHITE, BLACK, and EVERY
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Fine Cashmere Merinos,
in 24 shades of Colour, double width,
1s. 1d. to 2s. 6d. per yard, all Wool.

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ALL-WOOL SERGES.
In every Variety of Make and Colour,
Including the Witney, Devonshire, Scarborough, &c.
In Navy, Black, Bronze, &c., 9d. to 1s. 1d. per yard.

SPECIAL SALE.—250 Very Rich
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE ROBES.
With Double Quantity of Wide Embroidery,
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ALL SILKS, SILKS—ALLISON and CO. are now showing
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from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.; also rich Black Broché Satins, at 2s. 6d.,
worth from 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. a yard; and the remains of a parcel
of Coloured Broché Satins, at 2s. 6d. Also a parcel of Black Satin
Duchesse, at 4s. 6d. to 4s. 1d., worth 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. Ribbons
excessively cheap, 9s. 6d. Sash Ribbons, at 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 6d.
and 3s. 6d.; 9s. 6d. and 14s. 6d. ditto, at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., worth 4s. 6d.
to 6s. 9d.—Nos. 233, 210, and 242, REGENT-STREET, W.

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PRESS OPINIONS IN BALTIMORE.

"LOUIS XI."

"The touches with which he brought out the mingled superstition and scepticism, the combined crudity and unbelief of Louis's character, were among the most artistic triumphs of the evening. He was called before the curtain at the end of every act, and repeatedly demanded after his great death scene."—*THE BALTIMORE SUN.*

"On Monday night he presented a picture of Louis XI. It was marvellous. We almost dare to say it was perfect. We doubt if the man lives, has lived, or ever will live, who can furnish us a performance so near absolute perfection. No amount of compliment, however great, could be called extravagant. His Shylock was a masterly production, and his conception consistently held throughout. He is an honour to the great institution to which he has devoted his life. He who does not hear him will live to regret it."—*EVENY SATURDAY.*

"The audience was one of rare culture, and intelligent, fully capable of pronouncing a correct verdict on the merits of the actor who stands forward as the leading representative of the British stage. Mr. Irving appeared as Louis XI. This rôle is said to be one of his best. He had not spoken a dozen words when the audience realised that a really great artist had been born to them. He threw his impressiveness into a realistic form, a completeness of conception and a sustained unity of idea at every point that evidenced the widest grasp of mind and the power to possess his conception which belongs to the master of dramatic art. In the earlier acts the audience was fairly generous with applause, but when the fourth act closed after the scene in the King's bed-chamber with Nemours, the most unbounded enthusiasm prevailed. 'Bravos' were heard from all over the house, and the great artist received the peculiarly gratifying tribute of wild applause from a critical and discriminating audience."—*BALTIMORE DAILY NEWS.*

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

It is a common saying that art is eternal. The sculptor has enduring models on which to work; the painter's colours do not fade even under the touch of time, that mars almost everything else and makes the material world look grey and aged, and a blot of ink, falling like dew upon the precious thoughts of a poet, produces that which lives longer than cities or than empires. But what shall be said of the art of the player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is seen no more? While he stands before you and mimics love or hate, and seems now to suffer and again to rejoice, the picture looks to one that would never fade; but when the curtain falls, the lights are turned down, and you go to your home with its sunshine and its toil. There have been and are now actors who have the power to protect their creations on our mental eyesight so indelibly that they always remain before us palpable and distinct, losing none of the colour with which they were originally invested, but rather gaining a more shapely outline and a greater vitality the more that we study the method in which they were fashioned. Such an actor Henry Irving seems to us to be. He has now been seen and heard twice at the Academy of Music in this city, first as Louis XI, and next as Shylock, two characters, each one of which necessitated different treatment; but the artist himself is but dimly to be understood in either. The scenes with Ophelia, also in the second act, was masterly. His scene with Ophelia, in the third act, was masterly. In spite of bitter words and scornful laughter, he brought out with beautiful tenderness the depth of Hamlet's real love, and made it evident, by his manner and gesture, that his love for her was the main object of his advice, that he was cruel that he might be kind. Miss Terry was the Ophelia of the evening, and filled the rôle with great sweetness and grace."—*BALTIMORE SUN.*

"THE BELLS."

"The scenes with Ophelia were very touching, and the play acoen aroused the greatest excitement. These were specimens of undeniably fine acting, and much the same might be said of the interview between Hamlet and his mother. It is impossible to view Mr. Irving without interest, for he is utterly unlike any actor that has preceded him."—*THE DAY.*

"In the splendid scene in which he uses the players to entrap the courtier and the guilty King, his face, as he lay at Ophelia's feet, watching the countenance of the King, seemed like a human mirror reflecting the feelings of the mind and soul within, and the intensity of the power displayed in the climax, when he rushes into the King's deserted throne and gives full vent to the expression of his triumph, might have been envied by any artist. His scene with Ophelia, also, in the second act, was masterly. In spite of bitter words and scornful laughter, he brought out with beautiful tenderness the depth of Hamlet's real love, and made it evident, by his manner and gesture, that his love for her was the main object of his advice, that he was cruel that he might be kind. Miss Terry was the Ophelia of the evening, and filled the rôle with great sweetness and grace."—*BALTIMORE SUN.*

"THE BELLS."

"The breathless attention and enthusiastic applause which alternated at the Academy of Music last night were tributes to the great merit of Mr. Henry Irving himself. During the half hour's duration of the dream scene the audience remained as in a trance, the silence only broken now and then by deep sighs which indicated great mental excitement. It was a rare testimony to the power of the actor."—*BALTIMORE AMERICAN.*

"Henry Irving produced a thrilling effect in his play of 'The Bells,' at the Academy of Music last night. The audience was a very brilliant one, and it was held spellbound by his art. It was a nightmare or ghost story made palpable and a roar of speech with all the resources of art. The old audience transmuted in the darkened room, and it is a relief when the lights are turned on and the pent-up emotion of the audience finds relief in tumultuous applause."—*BALTIMORE AMERICAN.*

"The Academy of Music was crowded in every part last night by the largest audience of the week, numbering over 2,000, and the ride in which he sat was a fact—that Mr. Irving was a phenomenon. Mr. Irving held the audience under the spell of a terrible fascination, and when the curtain fell upon the lifeless form of Mathias, the applause was as tumultuous as the previous silence had been painful and profound. 'The Belle's Stratagem,' a two-act comedy, followed 'The Bells,' and in it Miss Terry charmed the audience."—*THE SUN.*

"His characterization of Mathias in 'The Bells' last night showed how Protean are the resources of his art. No more terrible picture of fear or remorse could be conjured up by the wildest imagination than what Mr. Irving gives in the third act during his dream. The whole story which he tells passes before the spectators. Whether this scene lasted fifteen minutes or an hour we know not; a whole life-time seemed to be concentrated into it; the spectators sat hushed and spellbound in the darkened theatre watching that ghastly figure, and when the lights were turned up an audible sigh of relief was heard, as if all present felt that they, too, had been under the spell and actors in the drama. Never was success so complete an audience inane. In 'The Belle's Stratagem' Miss Terry appeared as Portia, and here was airy, graceful, delicate, coquettish glancing out at every turn, affected hoydenish ways adding to the charm, and mind and music breathing from her face. A more charming actress than Miss Terry cannot be called to mind."—*THE DAY.*

"It may be safely said that no audience was ever more pleased with a performance than the one which crowded every part of the Academy of Music last night. Mr. Irving held the audience spell-bound by an almost fatal fascination. At the end of the piece the applause was tumultuous and prolonged. It is certainly one of the most wonderful dramatic impersonations ever seen on the stage."—*DAILY NEWS.*

and gives to it deep moral meanings. The critical and satirical character of Hamlet's wit stands out in bold relief; the ungovernable fury to which he now and again yields himself is shown in all its intensity, not as a photographic picture, without any tints or background, but as something full of life and colour, moving and acting. What can be more pathetic than the sight of this great soul in all the bitterness of its sorrow, in possession of the knowledge which has come to it so marvellously and so mysteriously, and of the tender memories which cluster round the name of Ophelia? Therefore it is, we say, that Mr. Irving succeeds in giving its real significance to the play, without any tints or background, but as something full of life and colour, moving and acting. 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AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE been thinking that, as your son is at last returning to his ancestral roof-tree, the sooner I take my departure the better. Charming as no doubt I have made myself, it is, I fear, a melancholy fact that under the circumstances you will find my room even pleasanter than my company."

"It is out of the way considerate of you mentioning such a thing," said Mr. Muir, who had not yet quite made up his mind whether he most desired Ensign Ludham's absence or presence.

Two o'clock had struck, the afternoon sun was as hot as any sun ever can be in Ireland, only two or three pure white clouds flecked the blue expanse of heaven, the green of the meadows had become vivid, a westerly wind caressed the sunburnt cheeks of lowly haymakers; down in the glen a trickling stream flowed slowly to music of its own making; the peaceful stir of country life pervaded the whole landscape, and Mr. Muir and his guest were, according to agreement, sauntering over the grass in order that the former might see "with his own two eyes," to quote Miss Bell, how work was progressing.

No figure less like the typical Arcadian than Mr. Muir's probably ever before crossed the sweet summer fields.

Tall, gaunt, erect, uncompromising, clad in a suit of evening black, white linen shirt, black stock, and high hat, he stalked solemnly beside Ensign Ludham, who wore a pair of loose light grey trousers, no waistcoat, an old velvet shooting-jacket much the worse for wear, a broad-brimmed straw hat pushed back from his forehead, a turn-down collar fastened with a gold stud, carried a notched and gnarled blackthorn lent him by his host, and halted perceptibly as he struggled onward.

Mr. Muir looked askance at the youth as they walked along. He would not have thought much, or indeed at all, about "the boy" limping, if it had not been for what Bell had said concerning him. Bell's utterances were, as a rule, so eminently

disagreeable, she found it quite unnecessary to add to their unpleasantness by falsehood; therefore her friends had not even the satisfaction of hoping there might not be a grain of truth in what she said. Miss Muir's conclusions might be open to doubt, but her facts were incontrovertible. If she stated, not that she thought, but that she had seen, a thing, there could be no question on the subject; and Bell, a full week back, declared the Ensign went up stairs three steps at a time. Mr. Muir had never beheld him doing anything of the sort; but that proved nothing. He was getting to feel "dubious" about the officer's straightforwardness. He had "a pleasant way with him," and he came of "decent people," and his ways were "agreeable," and his manners beyond the common affable; yet, still—the farmer thought a great deal as he noticed Ensign Ludham's painful walk, and at last he said,

"I am afraid you're not as strong on that bad leg as we could wish."

"Oh! it's getting all right," answered the young hypocrite. "I ought not to have stood on it so long this morning; that's all."

"I believe you're right there," agreed Mr. Muir, in a tone which meant much more than his words.

"At any rate," answered the officer, "I shall be well enough to relieve you of my company very shortly. I should like, if I may, to remain here over Sunday. Then, supposing you could give me a lift as far as Holywood, I'd charter a boat across the Lough—Skirton is at Carrickfergus, in command of our company, and I ought to join him there."

"Carrick's a fine heartsome place," returned the farmer, more perplexed in his mind than ever—now the hour of parting seemed imminent—as to whether he most wished the officer to go or to stay.

"I am very glad, indeed, to hear you say so, Mr. Muir, for I have always been given to understand the officers' quarters faced the east, which, as we all know, is a peculiarly healthy aspect for delicate people!"

"But, Ensign, you're surely not just that delicate yourself?" suggested Mr. Muir, anxiously.

"I put the matter generally," observed Mr. Ludham, with a lofty composure; "but, if we must descend to particulars, I am *not* strong. When I am at home, my mother is always asking the doctor about my heart and lungs (no interesting disease, as you must be well aware, ever attaches itself to the liver); and that good gentleman makes a point of tapping my chest, as a woodpecker does a tree, and with a like result. He says something about me is hollow."

"Maybe he's not so far out," remarked Mr. Muir.

"And, as mine," calmly continued Ensign Ludham, too wise to take any notice of Mr. Muir's nasty sarcasm, "is con-

sidered a very valuable life—only five healthy persons intervene between me and a baronetcy—I am tormented to put my feet in hot water, and wear flannels, and beware of damp, and go to bed with the lamb, and lie ever so late in the morning; so, you see, I can't be strong, Mr. Muir, I can't, indeed. It is only the enormous care you have taken of me which has preserved its brightest ornament to the Rutlandshire Ragamuffins, us the —th is affectionately nicknamed."

"If you're tired, won't you sit a bit?" inquired Mr. Muir, hospitably pointing to a felled tree lying near a thorn hedge close at hand. "I'd be vexed if a man that's held of such account came to harm as long as he stops at Ardilaw."

With an appreciative grin, the young fellow stretched himself full length on the trunk, his once injured leg well in evidence, his hat tilted over his eyes—his whole attitude that of utter rest and contentment, presenting a marked contrast to the stiff figure seated bolt upright at his feet.

"As you urge me so strongly, I think I will indulge in a cigar," said the Ensign, putting one lazy hand into his pocket and drawing out his case. "Can't I tempt you, Mr. Muir? I don't think I have ever seen you smoke."

"No; and I don't think you ever will," returned Mr. Muir. "There was a time—once—when I liked a smoke as well as any man; but I gave it up because a woman could not bear the smell of tobacco, and I've never had pipe or cigar between my lips since."

"Really? How very interesting! I hope I am not indiscreet in concluding you were in love with the lady."

"I was, or you may be sure I wouldn't have given up my will to her pleasure."

"What a touching reminiscence! I wonder whether I shall ever be sufficiently in love to relinquish anything for the sake of my fair."

"It is not over and above likely," answered the farmer, with saturnine enjoyment of his own wit; and there ensued a pause, during the continuance of which the song of the grasshoppers became distinctly audible, and the officer's thoughts went flitting about like the butterflies flashing through the summer air.

"She was my first wife," observed Mr. Muir, at length breaking silence.

"She! Who? Good gracious, what are you talking about?" cried Ensign Ludham. "Oh! I beg your pardon. I had quite forgotten. You mean, of course, the lady you preferred to tobacco."

"Just that," said Mr. Muir, a little downheartedly, for he felt himself repulsed, as hard natures often do when they lapse into sentiment.

"You were very fond of her?" hazarded the officer, raising himself on his elbow—shallow waters can reflect cloud and



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sunshine even better than great oceans, which sometimes seem almost to absorb both.

"Ay, and so would you have been if you'd seen her," answered the farmer, grimly in earnest. For once he had scraped the mould out of his dead wife's grave and raised her coffin lid and looked on the dust therein, while smiling through the years he beheld the fair bright face which had thrilled his youth with rapture. That, at least, was not lying under the sod. Though cold, hard, and stern might be the religion he professed—yet the poetry and the passion which underlie all Celtic nature told him in tones more convincing than any creed that somewhere, somewhere, he would again see that face glorified, all traces of tears wiped away, all sorrow dispelled. Between them—for his Calvinist Pharisaism could not at such a supreme moment blind him to the fact that he was—keeping within the law—as coldly wicked a man as ever drew breath—there might yawn a gulf deep and long as that dividing heaven from hell—nevertheless, he felt with his eyes he should behold her, even from afar, as certainly as at that moment memory gave him back a glimpse of dark, laughing eyes, and red, pouting lips, and cheeks the southern sun seemed to have been kissing, and wavy hair, with little more than the suspicion of a curl about it, and a heart—oh, God! what had that heart not been ere it broke, and in breaking made no sign.

"It is a most fortunate thing I never did know her." Thus Ensign Ludham all unwittingly dispelled the vision Mr. Muir had conjured up out of the depths of thirty years spent in sin and hard work. "Of course I should at once have fallen over head and ears in love—a feeling you will understand she must immediately have reciprocated—and there never lived a man less desirous of disturbing conjugal peace than myself. On the whole, Heaven knows what is best for us, Mr. Muir."

"You've a light way of talking. I wonder if it covers a depth of evil doing."

"You need not wonder. There never was so childlike and innocent a young fellow as myself. Bless you, I know nothing concerning the sins of this wicked old world. An idyllic life is the life for me. I could make myself happy at Ardilaw for ever, doing nothing useful, of course. Do tell me all about your first wife, your love's young dream, if talking on the subject will not distress you."

Ensign Ludham bit the end off his cigar, lit a match, placed himself in a more comfortable position, while Mr. Muir sat with bowed head, hands loosely clasped, wrestling hard with thought and memory. For anyone who knew something of humanity it must have been apparent that between the two men there stretched centuries of civilisation. There sat a savage—reluctantly conforming to law, influenced by a vague religion. Stretched at his ease, full length, upon the fallen tree, lay a reprobate out of whom modern scepticism and social culture had crushed every spark of manhood, save superficial courtesy and physical courage.

The first scarcely understood the full meaning of social restraint, the second had outstepped its boundaries. He was as dangerous an inmate as a man possessed of a pretty daughter could have desired within his doors, as cool a hand, as thoroughly-paced a blackguard, as ever, when the hour came for mere brute daring to assert itself, rode cheerily through the Valley of Death to spike an enemy's guns, or marched on bravely to the front, knowing full well that every bullet has its billet.

"I'd like well to tell you some little about myself, if it wouldn't tire you over much," said Mr. Muir, in a low hushed voice, as if he were talking in a church.

"Should be only too charmed," murmured his guest, turning himself indolently, so as the better to catch such words of wisdom as might on that summer's afternoon be wandering about Ardilaw.

"My father and my grandfather before him were bailiffs on the Manor of Clonmellin, in the county of Donegal, in the service of the Gorman family—that you may never have heard tell of?"

"Frequently," murmured the officer, who, till that hour, was unaware such a place as Clonmellin existed.

"The Gormans had a grand domain. I don't say it brought in much money—for it was mostly seashore and mountain, all but the made land about the house—but you could walk and ride for hours, days, almost over their property. There were parts where a sheep would have starved—but the wild fowl fattened. I've myself killed, on a cold, quiet night, thirty wild duck. Lord! what was there in the way of game you might not have found on those hills!"

"You never by chance met with a lion or a tiger when you were prowling about poaching?" suggested Ensign Ludham.

"I never did; but if I had, I wouldn't have been afraid," said Mr. Muir. "No more afraid than to answer to the charge of 'poaching' in any of your English courts. We had leave to shoot what we liked; if we hadn't, my father would have shot me for bringing home what I did. He was a faithful servant. He wouldn't have wronged his master of an ear of corn. The agent for the property lived in Dublin, and came down twice a year to see how things were going on; but my father was really the managing and capable man; he had all things under his hand—money, and stock and crop, and land."

"And all this time, may one inquire what the Gorman of Clonmellin was about? Was he quite content to leave everything under your father's hand, and ask no inconvenient or unseasonable questions?"

"Yes, quite content," said Mr. Muir, with conviction. "Where there's no fraud, a master has no need to ask questions. My great-grandfather was Scotch, and they hanged him on a tree in front of his own house because, being a Covenanter, he wouldn't go against his convictions."

"What a plucky old gentleman," commented the Ensign.

"He was that; my father used to sit by the hour and tell me stories about him—stories he had heard from his father, you understand."

"All of which, perhaps, one day soon you will tell me, Mr. Muir; just at present I am dying to hear something of your wife."

"I was coming to her, but you do just as well to whip me on a bit. I'll tell you what the country side called her—Miss Katy Gorman—bonny, bright, beautiful Katy Gorman."

"Really; and you were glad, no doubt, to marry her, spite of the bar sinister."

"What do you mean? Do you think she wasn't the man's daughter?"

"Pray, don't be so vehement, Mr. Muir. I intended no offence. I had no doubt of the fair Katy being Mr. Gorman's child; but"— And the Ensign's pause suggested more than any words he could have spoken.

Up into the farmer's face surged a dull and passionate red—which for a moment tinged forehead and cheeks with a wholly foreign colour. For a moment he felt as though some one had slapped him with an open hand—the suggestion, though false, affected him more painfully than the keenest truth could have done, since it seemed to imply so certainly no one who belonged of right to decent people could possibly have mated with himself. Just for a moment he hesitated, then—

"You are out this time, Ensign," he said, not without a certain triumph. "My wife was Mr. Terence Gorman's

eldest child, born in lawful wedlock, and her mother as grand and high a lady as your own. There was nothing wanting on her side, and if her people had only given me the ghost of a chance, I'll swear they would have found nothing wanting on mine."

"The Gormans were blind, then, Mr. Muir, to your manifold excellencies, inherited and otherwise," said the officer, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and again raising himself on one elbow, the better to contemplate at his leisure a man detested at Clonmellin.

"They couldn't read me as I was, more's the pity," explained the farmer. "They were looking for thoughts and notions that had no place in me."

"Without wishing for a moment to side with these unappreciative Gormans, might I inquire how you managed to secure the eldest daughter of such a house? Of course the fact of having had a great-grandfather who was hung would score immensely in your favour; but descent isn't everything. As a rule, rich folk have a detestable way of asking the length of your purse. Am I wrong, Mr. Muir, in imagining you were, in your first youth, not exactly a millionaire?"

"I had not much money, but I had something else. You might not think it to look at me now, Ensign; but when I wanted a few years of being your age all the women were running after me. Now, that's a statement might astonish you."

"Quite the contrary; it only proves what I have always thought, that the dear creatures possess an instinct as true as rapid."

"I'm well aware," proceeded Mr. Muir, "that no one could call me exactly handsome at this present time"—

"I don't want to make you blush; so I will only say you are greatly mistaken," said the Ensign, without a change of countenance.

"I know I am not," maintained the farmer, stoutly; "but that was all different once. I had a notion of setting myself off, too. I mostly carried a flower in my button-hole; and"—

"Excuse my interrupting you; but did the proposal come from Miss Gorman?"

"No; that it didn't. I wouldn't say but she met me half-way. She was a free, innocent sort of girl—had not a thought of harm. I could not just tell you now how it all began; but I know how it ended. We made a match of it; and you may be very sure that day I thought my fortune was made."

"And had none of the lady's friends a suspicion of what was going on?"

"Not a suspicion. She had not a friend near at hand but an old aunt of her father's, half blind and whole doting. Her mother was dead; Mr. Gorman was married the second time to a daughter of Lord Dunfelde, and the pair lived in London, making the first wife's money spin. Ay, you might say there was not an egg laid in Clonmellin manor, or a pat of butter printed, but the price of it went across the Channel. Why, Mr. Gorman hadn't been in Ireland for years till he came back to turn my wife out of doors."

"I see—and so your fortune was not made, Mr. Muir."

"Faith, no—I got something in my hand, but not much—and my father lost his situation, which was a crying shame, for the man knew no more of what had happened than his employer. And they behaved cruelly to my wife—cruelly. They broke her heart; she only lived three months after her child was born—that's Gorman, you know."

"He was brought up by some relation, was he not?"

"Yes, by his mother's uncle, Mr. Trevasson, of Michael's Mount, county Kilkenny. The Trevassons were originally Cornish folk. I've never set eyes on the lad since he was two years of age, and now he must be getting on for eight-and-twenty."

"What does he do?"

"He does not do anything but amuse himself. He wanted to be an officer like yourself, but the old man wouldn't hear of it."

"Oh!" said Ensign Ludham. "What a pleasure it will be to him to make acquaintance with his family."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered the farmer; "you see our way of living is scarcely such as he has been used to, and I could have wished"—

"If he is of my mind, you need wish no greater happiness for him than a month at Ardilaw," said the young man, politely.

"I feel obliged to you. If you think you are rested, perhaps we might move on."

They "moved on" over the newly-mown field—the Ensign carrying his hat in his hand and still limping painfully; the farmer warning him not to step into any drain, and to beware of worm-casts.

What with the haymakers, the carts, the horses, the dogs, and the children, that hill field presented a most picturesque appearance.

"I'd like to sketch this," said the officer.

"Well, what would hinder you? Lizzie'll run in and ring anything you need."

"Thank you, greatly. Herc, Lizzie; I want the drawing-book you'll find on my table, and a couple of pencils, and—but whom have we here, Mr. Muir? By Jove! what a horse!"

Turning, Mr. Muir looked down the field, and saw, entering by the "gap" made for the carts to pass through, a man and horse. The horse was jet black; except for a star on its forehead the creature had not a white hair about it. The man dismounted, and passing his arm through the bridle came straight on towards the haymakers.

"This is likely some friend of yours, Ensign," suggested the farmer.

"He is no friend of mine, I think. He is a fine-looking fellow, though, let him be who he may. Let us go to meet him."

When the stranger got close to them he stopped and said, a little doubtfully, "Is Mr. Muir here?"

"My name is Muir," answered the farmer. There was the slightest perceptible pause—then—

"You do not know me?"

"Well, I can't say that I do. Surely you're not"—

"I am Gorman Muir," was the answer, and father and son shook hands.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is a bad job," said Mr. Muir; "a very bad job."

"It is so bad it could not well be worse," answered his son.

The quiet night had stolen softly on, gradually enfolding in its dusky mantle the azures and the gold light of a perfect summer's day. A tender silence, broken only by the ripple of the river, the rustling of the leaves, or the scurry of a rabbit, brooded over Ardilaw. Late and hard the haymakers had worked, but they lay now asleep at home; the children, whose holiday was drawing to an end, were all abed. The Misses Muir had retired to rest; the kitchen fire had long been "slacked," ready in a few hours to be once again blown up into a flame with the help of a pair of wheezy bellows; the servant-of-all-work was sleeping the sleep of utter weariness; the soiled and dog-eared dream-book, conned by the light of

a guttering dip before she lay down, still clutched in one red unlovely hand, that yet was not without its pathos; eleven o'clock p.m. had come and passed, and still Mr. Muir and his son sat in the parlour—once upon a time my lady's dining-room—talking earnestly.

Ensign Ludham was gone. "Chains and fetters," as Miss Muir poetically remarked at a subsequent period, "couldn't have kept him after he set eyes on Gorman." Go he would; and, spite of all persuasion, go he did. Old Ned, the blind horse, that could wellnigh have counted years with Miss Bell, had, after a long day's work in the hay-field, been "shoved" into the gig, so that the officer and his fortunes might be jogged comfortably to the railway station. He had declined the pleasure of Mr. Muir's company on the ground that he could not think of taking him away from his son; and he negatived the son's offer of "tooling him" because that gentleman must "be so overjoyed to meet his father."

Bag, if not baggage, the Ensign was gone. Laughingly he had tossed Bell's last taunt back to that charming maiden; he had distributed largesse all round; found time and opportunity to whisper a word in Carline's ear; he had once more expressed his obligations to Mr. Muir, and accepted Gorman's help into the gig; then, accompanied to the gate by the children, who all "tore down" the avenue like "mad things" to unfasten and click the latch, he departed from Ardilaw.

And now another person sat in Ensign Ludham's accustomed chair, and stared out through the windows, destitute of blind or curtain, into the semi-darkness of the summer's night.

Any person looking into the room would, by the light of an oil lamp suspended from the ceiling, have seen a strange interior. On the centre of an oaken floor, off which the passage of heavy boots had scraped wellnigh all the polish, was spread a small square of worn and faded carpet. The panelled walls were destitute of ornament of any kind, sort, or description. Above the chimney-piece, which was of Sienna marble, a richly-carved over-mantel rose to the cornice. Into this a few nails had been driven, and these supported, as on a rack, a cane and couple of riding-whips, and the blade of a sword-fish. On the mantelshelf stood a couple of valuable old china basins, used as receptacles for bills, letters, receipts, screws of tobacco, broken pipes, and odds and ends of string; to a hook just above hung suspended the "tawse," by means of which Mr. Muir had driven his progeny along the way they should go. On a chiffonier, placed in a recess beside the fireplace, were ranged a few old books, the family Bible, and a work-box which had belonged to Mr. Muir's mother. The rest of the furniture consisted of one of those dining-tables of which the flaps can be dropped down at pleasure, the legs under all circumstances constituting themselves a distinct nuisance, an ancient sofa, originally upholstered in shiny horsehair like the fourteen uneasy chairs that formed the suite, but which Bell's industrious fingers had re-covered with sundry breadths taken out of the many "good" dresses left behind by her mother when that sainted woman departed this wicked world.

In one of the uncomfortable arm-chairs belonging to the horsehair and solid mahogany suite," sat Mr. Muir, a glass of punch smoking at his elbow, perplexity engraven in the clearest letters on every line and wrinkle of his face. Opposite to him, in another arm-chair of the same recondite and mysterious build, the younger man lay nearly at full length, his legs stretched out, his feet crossed, his head resting on the sharp edge of the back rail of the chair, a tumbler of whisky and cold water standing, scarcely touched, at his elbow; a half-smoked cigar held between the finger and thumb of his right hand; his whole weary attitude that of a man thoroughly permeated with his conviction that "the job" to which his iather had referred was indeed one difficult to make worse.

"What could have possessed the man?" said Mr. Muir, in continuance of the conversation.

"A woman," was his son's pithy explanation.

"And at his time of life, too! Dear, oh! dear."

"The older a man the more likely he is to make a fool of himself."

"Couldn't you have stopped the match by any manner of honest means?"

"Not unless I had married her myself."

"And why didn't you? Man alive, why didn't you?"

"For one reason, because I should not have been any better off. A single pauper does not cost so much to keep as two."

"That's true enough. I had forgotten everything except how you might have kept your uncle from committing such wickedness."

"And, besides," continued Mr. Gorman Muir, putting his dead cigar in his mouth and puffing as though it had been alight; "I hate her."

"Do you, though? That is bad. The Scriptures say we ought to hate no man, and I suppose that means we ought to hate no woman either."

"I don't know what the Scriptures say—and I don't much care. It is human nature to hate what is hateful, and Mrs. Trevasson is detestable."

"My word; not even handsome, then?"

"I did not say she was not handsome. She is. So were Delilah and Jezebel, and a whole host more of delightful ladies of that type, unless the painters have played us very false indeed. For my own part, however, I do not like Delilahs or Jezebels, or, for that matter, Judiths either, even at a distance; and when we come to close quarters I hate them;" and, as if it had been one of the historical dames in question, Mr. Gorman Muir flung his half-finished cigar under the grate in a rage.

Though he did not smoke, Mr. Muir, ere seeking the solitude of his own chamber, recovered the fag end of that cigar, observing to himself as he carefully wiped it clear of soot and dust, "He must have been accustomed to awful waste."

"Wasn't there any way you could have made friends with Mrs. Trevasson, so that you still might have got the run of your teeth and kept a roof over your head at Michael's Mount?"

Mr. Muir junior threw up his arms, put his hands under his head, stretched himself out a little longer, and laughed a laugh which had in it more of anger than amusement.

"Couldn't you?" repeated his father, earnestly. "Though I was not so bad-looking once, I never in my best days had the advantages you possess. You are well put together, 'suple,' strongly knit, far-and-away from ill-favoured, smooth in your speech, and as fit to talk to any lady as the Ensign himself. What would have hindered your pleasing your uncle's young wife. When I was your age, I'd like to have seen the woman I couldn't cajole."

"Give me twelve hours," quoted Mr. Gorman Muir, "and I'll distance the handsomest man in England."

"Then why in the name of fortune didn't you make the new mistress (bad luck to her!) that fond of you she wouldn't let your uncle part his nephew?" said Mr. Muir, speaking in that series of ellipses of which the Irish are so fond.

"If you must know, the new mistress, as you call her,

"I shouldn't have told you now," retorted his son, "only I want you to understand clearly there is no good in thinking matters can ever be made up with my uncle."

"I am not so sure I just understand the whole business yet," answered Mr. Muir, whose strongest point was obstinate antagonism. "How did the old man come to the rights of the affair?"

"He has not come to the rights of the affair. He never will come to the rights of the affair."

"Lord, man! you're worse nor Samson and his honey in the lion's carcass. Can't you speak out, and say in so many plain words what you mean?"

"I mean, in plain words, that Dora Autrim was in love with me."

"You needn't raise your voice that way here; I am not deaf," said Mr. Muir. "In love with you, and then?"

"Finding I would have nothing to do with her, she got hold of my uncle!"

"She was no fool. Better be an old man's darling, you mind, than?"

"And, to cut a long story short, they were married."

"Well?"

"They had not been back a week before I found out that she cared for me still."

"Surely, then, you might have had things pretty much your own way?"

"I never pretended to be a saint," said Mr. Gorman Muir, "but I am not a villain."

"Aren't you, now?" retorted Mr. Muir; "but, of course, you know best."

"I know that, at any rate."

"And so I suppose you went to your uncle, and made a clean breast of it."

"I did no such thing. The secret was not mine to tell; and if it had been, I should not have told upon a woman. Further, the story could not have done me any good. His mind was so warped against me he could not have believed me right in saying black was black."

"My own opinion is, you have bungled the whole business. Couldn't you have spoken the woman fair, and kept in with her a bit till your own turn was served?"

"I tell you I am not a villain, though my poor uncle thinks me one. I told her the same country could not contain both of us, and that I would go; and I was just trying to get some assurance from her husband as to some future help from him, when she took the wind out of my sails by making the vilest accusations against me."

"Ay, ay; the old case of Joseph and his mistress over again, no doubt," said Mr. Muir, nodding sagaciously.

"She did not go so far as Mrs. Potiphar," answered his son, an evil light flashing from his dark brown eyes; "but she went far enough. She declared she would have her revenge upon me, and she has got it now."

"I can't say Joseph was a young man I ever particularly took to myself," observed Mr. Muir. "There seemed to me a great deal of foolishness about him."

"Probably you would not have acted as he did."

"I'm very sure I would not go to jail if by whiles flattering of any woman I could keep out of it."

"Then there we join issue," retorted Gorman.

"Well, see what your precipitancy has done for you!"

"Sent me adrift with fifty pounds certain in hand and a thousand pounds possibly ahead."

"And what you're to do, I'm sure I don't know."

"Neither do I; but I mean to think. May I stay here for a while till I have thought?"

"Where would you stop but in your father's house?"

returned Mr. Muir. "You're heartily welcome to all I can give you, and though I don't set myself up to be anything beyond the common, I have managed to save enough to keep me and mine out of the workhouse. There's no call for you to starve while you are here; and now that I know the worst, I think we may as well be thinking of going to bed. I'll show you the room where Bell has had fresh sheets laid for you, and fine and sweet you'll find them. Things are scarce so straight as they might be if the Ensign had not left in such hot haste, leaving most of his property lying loose behind him. I wish he had stopped a day or two longer, so that you might have got acquainted. Of all the easy, careless, happy-go-lucky young fellows I ever met, he is the chief. Just look at the silver fittings out of his dressing-case lying loose without a lock turned on them. Good-night! I hope you'll have a sound rest."

"I have no doubt of that, for I am very tired. Good-night!" And then Gorman Muir, standing in the very middle of the room, sighed heavily.

All around him were carelessly strewed outward and visible signs of the rank he was leaving, while, short as had been his experience of Ardilaw, he understood pretty well the sort of thing he must expect to meet. Utterly weary, utterly wretched, utterly disheartened, he undressed as rapidly as possible, and, flinging himself into Miss Bell's snow-white and lavender-scented linen, soon forgot his troubles in a deep and dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

The number of steamers which arrived at Liverpool during the second week of the present year conveying live stock and fresh meat from the United States and Canada was the same as that of the preceding week, and the collective arrivals amounted to 936 cattle, 781 sheep, 100 hogs, 6409 quarters of beef, and 748 carcasses of mutton, showing, when compared with the imports of the previous week, a slight increase in cattle, but a falling off in fresh meat. A comparison of the imports into Liverpool of live stock and fresh meat from Canada and the United States during the year 1883 shows a very large increase, as against 1882.

The annual meeting of the committee of the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund was held last week, and was presided over by Mr. W. H. Haines, of the House of Lords. The report, which was read by Mr. Charles Dibdin, the honorary secretary, stated that during the past year there had been a satisfactory increase in the number of subscribers, of whom there are now 7120, and that the fund had during 1883 endowed the life-boat "Civil Service, No. 3," and also presented to the National Institution a fourth life-boat, which is to be placed at Walmer. An appeal is made for the necessary funds for the endowment of this boat.

The *Nonconformist* and *Independent* of last week, in an eight-page statistical supplement, furnishes a great deal of information, never before published in a collective form, relative to the Protestant communities in England and Wales outside the Established Church. It is shown that the ten principal denominations—viz., Baptists, Congregationalists, the various members of the Methodist family (six), the Friends, and the English Presbyterians, have an aggregate of 8996 ministers in that division of the country; 12,900 places of worship, without allowing for defective returns; and a total of a million and a half church members, which are estimated to represent 4,500,000 persons, out of a total population of 25,968,286 in England and Wales.

LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

In all new and half-settled countries the life both of the white colonists and of the aboriginal inhabitants affords many picturesque and interesting incidents. Some few of these in Queensland we have endeavoured to delineate, by the aid of a series of sketches drawn on the spot by Mr. T. H. B. Warner during a recent trip into the wilder parts of the colony, and by the assistance also of some fine photographs, placed at our disposal for the purpose by Mr. A. W. Stirling, whose new book on Queensland is announced, under the title of "The Never Never Land."

The colony of Queensland contains about 680,000 square miles of country, and is inhabited by not much above 200,000 Europeans. Their enterprise and energy are amply shown by their having nearly 1000 miles of railway and over 6000 miles of telegraph line open for public business, to say nothing of the 25,000,000 pounds of wool and the 250,000 ounces of gold which they annually export as a portion of the product of their labour. The prosperity of this extensive colony is shown even more eloquently by the deposits at the Government Savings Bank. There are above 20,000 depositors, with more than a million of money to their credit; in other words, every tenth person you meet has an account, and each European has over four pounds to his credit in the Savings Bank.

Our Illustrations are drawn from the life of both the white and the black inhabitants; from the industries and the sports of the former, and from the habits and pursuits of the latter. In some parts of the colony sheep are tended by the aborigines, in return for food and such raiment as they find useful to wear. Our first Illustration shows by what arduous labour the black man earns his pay, and is often able to maintain three wives in luxury. Two kinds of pastoral properties are found in Queensland, the cattle and the sheep station. On the latter, the most important event of the year is naturally sheep-shearing. Our Illustration is from a sketch of shearing at a well-known station near Hughenden. Of the cattle industry we are likewise able to give a representation by a sketch from life of cattle being yoked at Inkerman station, belonging to the North Queensland Pastoral Company, and situated on the Burdekin river, near Townsville. Another illustration, on the same page, represents the aborigine engaged in stalking that very wary bird the plain turkey, a species of bustard, which the white man usually shoots with a rifle, but which the black, by patience and cunning, manages not unfrequently to kill with his primitive spear. At the bottom of the page we show the dwellings of the aborigines, from a sketch of a camp near Townsville. The familiarity which exists between the blacks and their dogs is often manifested in such a dispute over a coveted morsel, as our Illustration represents in course of being settled.

As may be imagined, with less than a thousand miles of railway, spread over almost seven hundred thousand square miles of country, coaching is still nearly everywhere resorted to, as the only mode of locomotion, the usual team of five horses being changed at a stage in the bush, as shown in the illustration upon our second page. Sport in Queensland is not very attractive; duck, quail, and pigeon are the only shooting which is at all common; whilst kangaroo hunting is not sport of the first order at any time. A fight with an "old man" kangaroo is by far the most exciting incident that a stranger can expect to meet with; and we represent such a contest in course of being waged. The object of the attack is to strike the "old man" on the back of the head, and so to end his career as that of a rabbit is often finished in our own country; whilst the kangaroo's chief idea is to prevent any attack from the rear, and if possible to leave an ugly mark or two on the dog. It sometimes happens that such a fight is carried on with varying success for quite half an hour; until, in a forgetful moment, the kangaroo exposes his neck for an instant, and one successful stroke finishes the battle. Our Illustration of duck-shooting is from a photograph of a pond not far from Hughenden; it represents an aborigine bringing out the wounded birds to the successful sportsman by whom they have been killed.

After sheep and cattle, gold-mining is the chief industry of Queensland. We represent, in one of our Illustrations, the principal gold-field of the colony, called Charters Towers by the discoverer, Mr. Hugh Mossman. From this field alone, over 80,000 oz. have gone away under escort annually, and the gold raised and extracted since 1877 has been of the value of £1,700,000. The population engaged at Charters Towers in the gold-mining industry numbers more than 1200 working miners, each of whom earns on an average about £250 a year by his labour.

Our last Illustration is of a scene upon the Burdekin river. Some cattle, accompanied by a black boy, have just crossed; but a calf lagging behind is seized by one of the alligators, which abound in the lower parts of the river, and which not unfrequently succeed in securing for a meal even a black child; sometimes, we fear, not so much to the sorrow of its parents as should be the case in a well-ordered family.

Speaking generally of Queensland life, we may say that, although rough, it presents to an Englishman many attractive features; and no one going from this country to the colony need encounter any such hardships as have to be experienced in South Africa or in the wilder regions of Northern Canada. "It is a capital place to make money," they say; and probably we could not say anything more calculated to recommend the country to a great many enterprising people.

ASSYRIAN AND BABYLONIAN RELICS.

Our Illustrations represent some of the most remarkable articles of earthenware, stone, and bronze, recently added, by Mr. Rassam's latest explorations, to the collection of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities at the British Museum. The pottery will be found in the new "Assyrian Room," where the magnificent bronze gates of Shalmanezer are placed, with the cylinders bearing copious historical inscriptions, and many other valuable relics from Nimroud and Kouyunjik. This room is part of the north galleries upstairs, formerly occupied by the natural history collections, but now devoted to Egyptian, Assyrian, and Etruscan collections of the Ethnographical Department. In the cases along one side of the room is a great quantity of Babylonian pottery and other ware of that kind from different provinces of the Assyrian Empire. Among the utensils here exhibited are some of those figured in our Engravings. The one shown in the centre of our page is a handsome vase or urn, of unglazed terra cotta, which must originally have had three handles, but two handles, with part of the sides of the neck, have been broken away. Its body is ornamented with two rows of figures of stags, with branching antlers, cropping the grass. This urn came from Babylon, and is the first of its kind that has been discovered. To the right and left of this, in our arrangement of the drawings, are two small baskets, of terra cotta, each standing about three or four inches high without the handle. These are of Parthian workmanship. One of them, it will be observed, is formed with an outer open frame-work, ornamented with saw-like indentations, which rests upon the base of the basket, and there is an inner vase, with fluted rim, to which the handle is attached. The outer glazing has been

rubbed off, but the inside of the vase still shows some of the colour. The other basket is of ruder work, but with similar saw-like ornamentation; it was originally glazed, with a green colour. Above these are two bowls, one of which, having a raised rim, is curiously divided into seven internal compartments; the others were of a greyish-green tint; the outside is of a splendid silvery hue, mottled with green veins; this bowl was found at Babylon. The slipper-shaped article, shown at the top of the page, is a small Babylonian lamp, of terra cotta; and there are several other bowls, pitchers, and vases, which were originally coloured and glazed, either of a brilliant greenish-blue, or a clear grey; the former colour varied with beautiful iridescent tints. In the right-hand upper corner of the page is represented a cylindrical seal, of soft dark stone, sculptured with the figures of a bearded man, seated on a stool resembling the "camp-stool" of the present day, a woman, to whom he seems to be talking, a child sitting at their feet, a boy standing on the right hand, and another person holding up his right hand in an attitude of attention. Between the heads of these persons are represented the sun, or a star, and the crescent moon, with its concavity turned downwards. At the side and beneath is some writing, which cannot at present be deciphered; but we should imagine that the scene is designed to commemorate an important transaction in family history. The bronze male figure, which we have placed in the centre of the upper part of the page, has lost one arm, but is of excellent workmanship; the personage it represents is not known. We are equally unable to explain the undraped female figure, with a belt and a tiara, holding her hands to her bosom; it is carved of bone, and was coloured pink or flesh-colour; the workmanship is moderately good. It may be the image of a goddess. Below this is the odd figure of an ape, or some such animal, seated beside a piece of furniture which is not clearly defined; this is of rough clay, and was found at Babylon with a number of things equally rude in workmanship and of obscure design. To the right of these is delineated a piece of dark stone, brought to England by Mr. Rassam, which has many cavities of various shapes cut in its surface, and was probably used as a mould for casting ornaments of metal. To the left hand, standing erect upon the table, is the finest "boundary-stone" that has yet been brought to England, in perfect preservation. It is now placed, with other monumental inscribed monoliths, in the Assyrian galleries on the ground-floor of the Museum, at the landing-place of the staircase leading down to the Assyrian basement rooms. It is 25 in. high, 8 in. wide, and 6 in. thick, of a hard greyish-white stone. The front is sculptured with various figures, apparently the sun and moon at the top, then some architectural design, and what seem to be the signs of the Zodiac. At the back are several columns of writing, in the complicated Babylonian style. It belongs to the reign of Nebuchadnezzar.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. WILLIAM FISKEN.

The Rev. William Fisken, minister of the Presbyterian Church of England at Stamfordham, Northumberland, whose death is just announced, was not only an earnest divine but also an ingenious inventor. In the study of mechanics his brothers Thomas and David showed equal proficiency. William Fisken, the subject of this notice, and Thomas Fisken, of Stockton-on-Tees, invented the steam-plough. Some years ago a trial came off at Westminster as to the merits of the invention, the rival litigants being the Messrs. Fisken and the Messrs. Fowler, of Leeds, and the jury found for the Presbyterian minister at Sandfordham, and his brother, the schoolmaster at Stockton. The potato-sowing machine, an apparatus for heating churches, and the "steam-tackle" were among the original productions of Mr. William Fisken. He had reached the age of a septuagenarian, and had laboured for thirty-seven years in a village near Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, the birthplace of George Stephenson.

MR. CONEY OF WESTON CONEY.

Mr. Walter Mainwaring Coney, of Weston Coyney, in the county of Stafford, J.P. and D.L., died on the 6th inst., at his seat near Longton. He was born Sept. 18, 1839, the son and heir of Lieutenant-Colonel Coney, of Weston Coyney, by Sophia Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Admiral Rowland Mainwaring, of Whitmore Hall, Staffordshire, and was grandson of Lieutenant-Colonel Walter William Hill, who assumed by Royal license the surname and arms of Coney on his marriage with Mary Catherine Coney, Lady of the Manor of Weston Coyney, the representative of the family of Coney, seated at Weston Coyney since the time of Henry III. The gentleman whose death we record, married, Nov. 26, 1863, Susan, daughter of Mr. George Moore, of Appleby Hall, in the county of Leicester, and leaves issue.

MR. BINNING HOME.

Mr. George Home Monro Binning Home, of Argaty, in the county of Perth, and Softlaw, in the county of Roxburgh, J.P., died at his seat near Doune on the 10th inst., in his eighty-fourth year. He was eldest son of Mr. David Monro, of Softlaw, who assumed the surname of Binning, and married his cousin Sophia, only daughter and heiress of George Home, of Argaty, descended from a cadet of Home of Polwarth. By his wife, Catherine Burnett, of Gadgirth, in the county of Ayr, Mr. Binning Home leaves no surviving issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Henry Thornhill, R.A., on the 7th inst., at Weymouth, aged fifty.

The Rev. Lewis Welsh Owen, Rector of Wonston, Hants, a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Hon. Canon of Winchester.

Mary Ann, Lady Martin, widow of Sir William Martin, D.C.L., first Chief Justice of New Zealand, and daughter of the Rev. W. Parker, Prebendary of St. Paul's, London, on the 2nd inst., at Waldon House, Torquay.

Mr. Edward Snotton, one of the leading shipowners of Tynemouth, an Alderman of that borough, and three times its Mayor, at his residence, Preston Tower, North Shields, in his fifty-sixth year.

The Rev. James O'Brien, D.D., Incumbent of St. Patrick's, Hove, Brighton, on the 8th inst., in his seventy-fourth year: youngest brother of Mr. Turlough Henry O'Brien, author of "The Round Towers of Ireland."

Eliza, Dowager Lady Elton, widow of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, seventh Baronet, of Clevedon Court, Somerset, and daughter of Mr. Anstee Stradling, on the 5th inst., in her sixty-third year. Lady Elton's first husband was the Rev. William Mathias, of Burle.

Frederic Charles Manningham Buller, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel Coldstream Guards, on the 9th inst., at Hopton Hall, Wirksworth, aged forty-six. He was fifth son of Sir Edward Manningham Buller, first Baronet, of Dilhorn, and was married to Alice Jessie, daughter of Mr. William Davenport, of Maer, Staffordshire.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.



1. Native Australian Shepherds on a Western Station. 2. Sheep-shearing, near Hughenden. 3. Yarding Cattle at Inkerman Station. 4. Native Stalking Wild Turkey. 5. Camp of Natives, near Townsville.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.



1. Fight with an "Old Man" Kangaroo.

2. A Stage-Coach in the Bush.

3. Gold-Mining at Charters Towers.

4. Wild-Duck Shooting at Hughenden.

5. On the Burdekin River—Cattle and Alligator.

T. ROBINSON

H. Wade

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 18, 1880), with two codicils (dated April 1 and Dec. 28, 1882), of the Right Hon. Charles Somers, Earl Somers, late of No. 4, Chesterfield-gardens, and of Eastnor Castle, Hereford, who died on Sept. 26 last, at Great Berkhamstead, was proved on the 1st inst. by the Right Hon. Virginia, Countess Somers, the widow, and Reginald Thistlethwayte Cocks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £170,000. The testator leaves to his wife pecuniary legacies amounting to £18,000, a further sum of £25,000, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall appoint, and an annuity of £1800 charged on his Somers Town estate, St. Pancras, in addition to her jointure of £1200 per annum; she is also to have such of his family portraits, pictures, busts, statues, plate, books, armour, ornamental and other furniture and effects as she may select; the remainder of his family portraits, pictures, busts, statues, books, armour and ornamental furniture are made heirlooms to go with his settled estates; and the tapestry at Eastnor Castle and the rest of his plate, furniture, household effects, and farming stock, are given to his daughter, Lady Isabella Caroline Somerset; to his daughter, the Marchioness of Tavistock, an annuity of £400, and he confirms the settlement and jointure deed made on her at her marriage; to Colonel Philip Reginald Cocks, R.A., £1000 per annum, charged on his real estate, during the lifetime of Lady Isabella Caroline Somerset; and there are many other annuities and legacies. His estates in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, the Somers Town estate, the Reigate estate, and all the residue of his real and personal property, are settled upon his daughter, Lady Isabella Caroline Somerset, for life, with a special power of appointment at her death over the Reigate estate and all his copyhold and leasehold property in the county of Surrey; and subject thereto, in the events that have happened, with remainder to the said Colonel Philip Reginald Cocks for life.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1882), with four codicils, of Sir James Walker, Baronet, of Sand Hutton, York, and of The Hall, Beverley, was proved at York on Dec. 31 last by Sir James Robert Walker, the son, and present Baronet; Mr. John G. B. T. Hildyard, of Cherry Burton, Yorkshire; and Mr. Arthur Duncombe, the younger, of Scarborough, the executors. The value of the personal estate amounts to over £1,134,000. The testator bequeaths £340,000 to the trustees, upon trust, to invest the same in the purchase of real estate to go with the settled estates. The following pecuniary legacies are given to or upon trusts, for the testator's children, in addition to smaller sums for mourning, &c.—viz.: To Sir J. R. Walker, £60,000 and £2161 stock; Mr. F. J. Walker, £65,000; Captain Charles F. Walker,

£86,721; Captain Edwyn Walker, £70,000; Captain Gerald Walker, £81,371; Mr. Henry S. Walker, £70,000; Mr. Arthur Walker, £30,000; to the Hon. Mrs. Duncombe, Mrs. Emily Meysey-Thompson, and Mrs. Charlotte Meysey-Thompson, £60,000 each. The plate, pictures, furniture, and effects in the mansions at Sand Hutton and Beverley are made heirlooms, and such of the testator's sons, Charles, Edwyn, Gerald, and Henry, as shall desire to occupy the mansion at Beverley is to be entitled to do so, rent-free, during his life, taking priority of choice in the order named. Mourning and other pecuniary legacies are given to the testator's sister, Mrs. Jane Hill; to his daughters-in-law, and to his nephews and nieces; £500 each is bequeathed to the executors; £200 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; and £100 each to Sir John H. Maxwell, Admiral the Hon. A. Duncombe, the Rev. J. Griffiths, of Flaxton, his agent, Mr. R. W. F. Mills, and his solicitor, Mr. Crust. Annuities of £300 whilst under age, and £800 afterwards, are given to testator's grandson, James Heron Walker; of £400 per annum to Miss Eliza Crosby, £100 per annum to Mrs. Telfer Smith; and there are other annuities and legacies to servants; and £5 annually is bequeathed to the poor of Sand Hutton. The residue of the personality is to be laid out in the purchase of real estate. The establishment at Sand Hutton is to be maintained by the executors for six months as in testator's lifetime. The next presentation to the living of Lockington is given to the Rev. James Griffiths, and the real estate at Hull is devised to the executors, upon trusts, for sale. Subject to these dispositions, and to a direction that the rents of the Beverley property shall be paid to the occupant of the mansion there, all the testator's real estates are devised to the present Baronet, Sir J. R. Walker, in strict settlement.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1882) of Sir William Siemens, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., late of No. 12, Queen Anne's Gate; of No. 3, Palace Houses, Bayswater; and of Sherwood, near Tunbridge Wells, was proved on the 29th ult. by Alexander Siemens, the nephew, Joseph Gordon Gordon, and John Wreford Budd, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £382,000. The testator gives to his wife the Sherwood estate for life, £1000, £4000 per annum for life, the contents of his mansion house, Sherwood, and of the conservatories and stables, the plate and plated articles at his town residences, and all his medals, orders, and decorations; in the event of his wife's sister, Mary E. N. Gordon, surviving her, he gives her an annuity of £1000. He also bequeaths £2000 to the German Hospital, Dalston; £1000 each to the German Society for Benevolence in London, the Tunbridge Wells Infirmary, the Royal Society Scientific

Relief Fund, the Institution of Civil Engineers' Benevolent fund, and Siemens Brothers and Company (Limited) pension fund; 300 shares in Siemens Brothers (Limited) to his nephew, the said Alexander Siemens; his shares in the Landore Siemens' Steel Company, the Swansea Blast-Furnace Company, and the Glandore Mining Company, to his wife's nephew, the said Joseph Gordon Gordon; his patents or shares of patents for electrical and telegraphic apparatus or appliances to Siemens Brothers (Limited); and numerous legacies and annuities to his executors, wife's relatives, secretary, assistants, domestic servants (including coachmen, gardeners, and grooms) who have been five years in his service, and others. All bequests are expressly made free of duty. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces in equal shares, *per capita* and not *per stirpes*.

The will (dated March 2, 1882) of Mr. Lewis Henry Braham, late of No. 7, Endsleigh-gardens, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Sophia Braham, the widow, Henry Arthur Braham, Francis Edmund Braham, and Frederick Reginald Braham, the sons, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testator leaves his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to his wife; certain leasehold houses and railway stock, upon trust, for his daughter Sara Louisa; £5000 to the three children of his late daughter, Adelaide Matilda Sophia Hall; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, subject to some payments to his sons, Henry Arthur, Francis Edmund, Frederick Reginald, and Charles Benjamin, during her lifetime. At his wife's death there are special legacies to his said four sons, to his son David, and to his daughters, Mrs. Isabella Agnes Ferguson and Mrs. Rowena Mathews; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his children.

The will of Josiah Stallard, formerly of The Blanquettes, Worcester, who died on May 2, was proved on the 21st ult. at the Worcester district registry by Messrs. T. B. Stallard, John Stallard, and F. Stallard, the executors. The personal estate being sworn at £60,112. The testator, after appointing certain properties in the county of Hereford to his children equally, and bequeathing a legacy and an annuity to his widow, with the use of The Blanquettes for her life, gives the residue of his personal estate and all his freehold, leasehold, copyhold, and customary-hold properties to his children, in equal shares.

The Earl of Pembroke has decided upon establishing coffee taverns in the villages on his estates, to be managed by working men.

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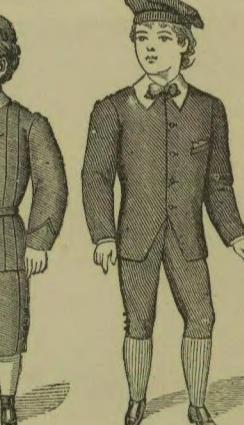
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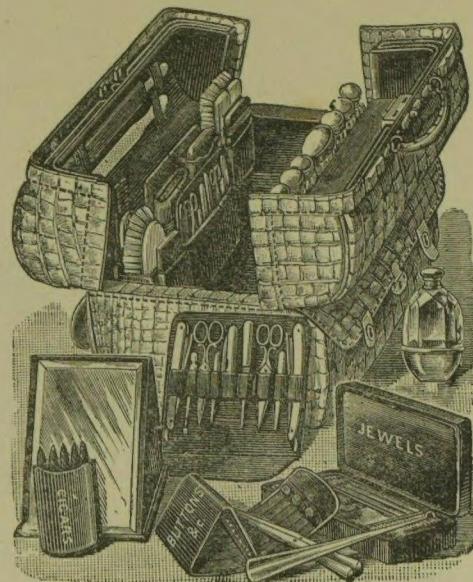
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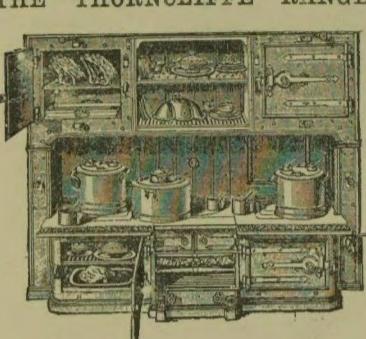
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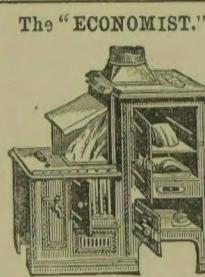
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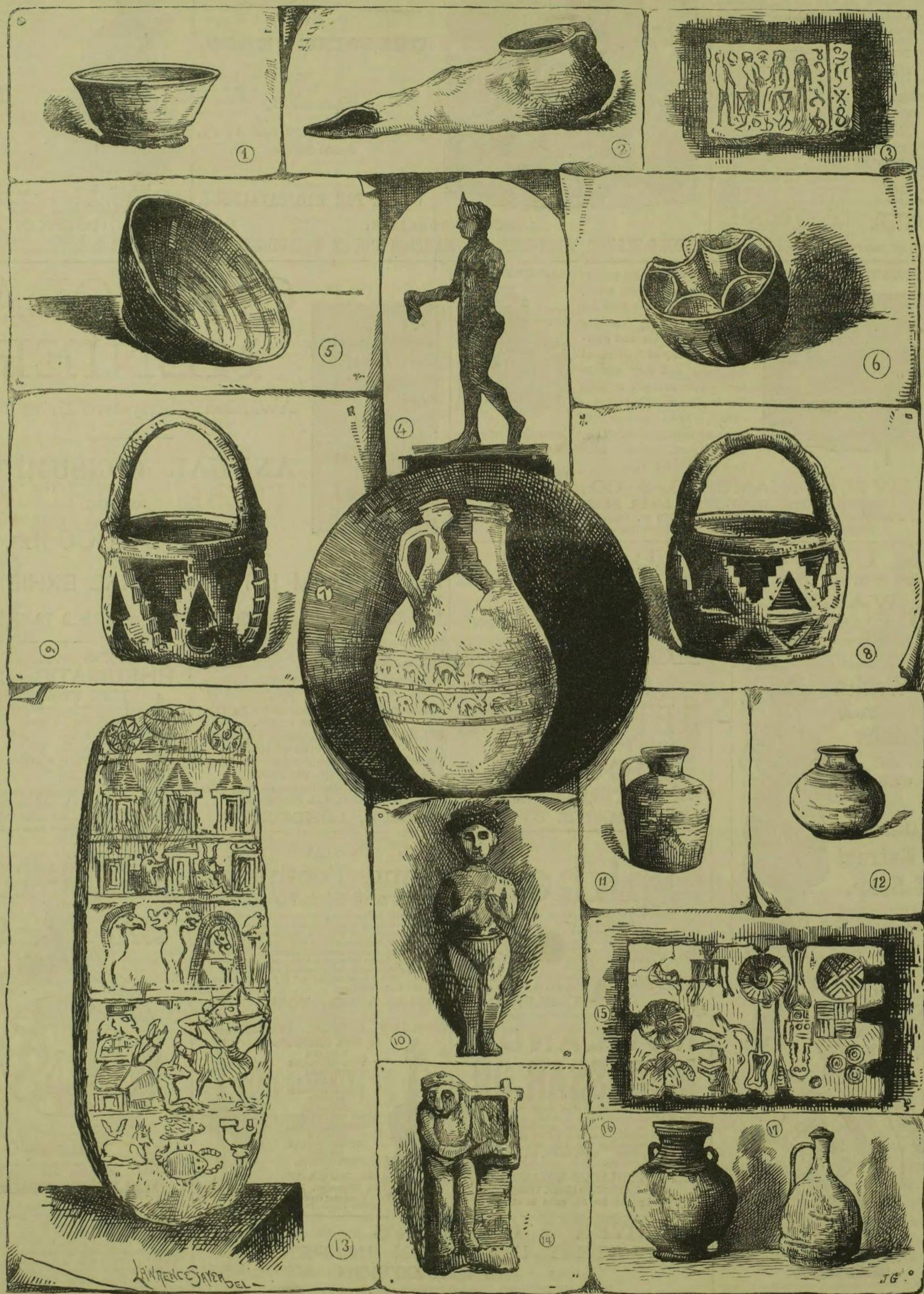
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